THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1802,

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[Embellished, 1st, with a highly-finished ENGRAVING by SCOTT, from a Picture painted by MARSHALL, of the Celebrated ROAN HACK, the Property of his Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES.—And, 2d, UNKENNELLING THE HOUNDS, from a PAINTING of SARTORIOUS the YOUNGER, by PYE.]

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And Sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick-Square, near St. Paul's; C. CHAPPLE, No. 66, Pall-Mall, opposite St. James's Palace; J. BOOTH, Duke-Street, Portland Place; JOHN HILTON, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.

THE particulars of Mr. Knight's Life is not yet come to hand, they of course must stand over for another month; the Publisher has received the praise and commendation of several correspondents, for what they term the well-turned compliment to Earl Spencer, Lord Nelson, &c. &c. in the last month's Magazine, and which has since been copied into several of the London and Country papers.

The Ballad to the tune of Chevy Chace, from Liverpool, is received, and is, as it ought to be, under consideration.

The last paper on the History of Wild Animals peculiar to Great Britain, is not deemed at this time of day a natural description of the Buck; folly should be taken "as it flies." A Buck is out of fashion now, and his place supplied by a BOND-STREET, or BOX-LOBBY LOUNGER.

WE have received the request of a Constant Reader, to be favoured with a correct Pedigree of "Spear" sire of the stallion "His Lordship," which shall be attended to in a future Number.

To our Cricketing Correspondents in general, and to our Essex Friends in particular, we have again to apologize, especially as the Thaxted and Sampford Matches intended for insertion in this Number, are, by an unforseen accident, unavoidably postponed till next month.

Flixton and Kinross Coursing Meetings, under the same predicament, in our next.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR NOVEMBER, 1802.

HUNTING.

THE KING'S STAG HOUNDS.

SATURDAY the 23d ult. his Majesty took the diversion of Stag-hunting, for the first time this season. The hounds were laid on at Ascot Heath; the stag taking his course over the heath, to Wingfield Plain, round by Cranbourn to St. Leonard's Hill, Bullock's Hatch, Surly Hall, Clever, to Spittle, crossed Mr. Streeting's Nursery, in Shut-street, into the Great Park, up the long walk, and into Windsor, through Park-street to Watmore's, the New Inn, into one of the parlours, the hall, through the bar where Mrs. W. was sitting, and into the tap-room, where he was taken, and conveyed to his Majesty's stables, but not till after he was offered and had received some *refreshment* from the farmers, in the tap room, it being market-day. His Majesty was attended by Lord Hinchinbrooke, Master of the Buck-hounds, and many Noblemen and Gentlemen, who returned much pleased with the day's sport.

FOX HOUNDS.

IN a daily paper of this month we find the following article; and afterwards, in another paper, the letter which succeeds it. To the article was tacked some other Fox-hunting intelligence, by which it appears, that the author, wishing to say something *of what he did know*, thought it might not be amiss, in order to make the greater flourish, to begin with *something that he did* NOT KNOW.

THE Fox-hounds, *ci-devant* Meynell's in Leicestershire, now Lord Sefton's, have this season experienced little more than a repetition of *blank* days; it seems that they have but few foxes left in their county. Some attribute this to the loss of many of the furze covers, through the severity of the last winter: but others suppose it to be principally owing to the unfortunate misunderstanding that subsists between the Hunt, and the Leicestershire Farmers. Arise, however, from which cause it may, the sport of this crack county is at present in *abeyance*!

MR. EDITOR,

SIR, being a sportsman, and a constant reader of the Morning Herald, I must take the liberty to set you right with respect to Lord Sefton's hunt. So far from having blank days in Leicestershire,

they

they do not throw off in that county till the 29th of this month. Never were the gentlemen and the farmers upon more amicable terms, and never had the hunt, collectively, a more exhilirating prospect of success, for the remainder of the season. Yours, TALLYHO.

THAT of which the writer of the article *may have some real knowledge of*, is as under:

To the eastward, Mr Newman's Essex hounds are much improved, and have already pulled down fifteen brace of gallant stub bred foxes.—Mr. Wilson's pack, near Newmarket, have been singularly unsuccessful; they find foxes in plenty, but hitherto, it is said, they have not "*touched one jot of* BLOOD!"—His Grace of Grafton's hounds, in Suffolk, go on, as usual, steadily, and well hunted: they have had many good runs, and, generally, killed in a high style!

A correspondent from Essex says, that it is Mr. Newman, abovementioned, that is at such variance with the farmers; that gentleman, adds our correspondent, having laid informations against some of the Essex farmers for shooting.—The writer signs his name to verify that which he asserts.

A FOX CHACE.

ON Monday the first of November, Mr Russell's fox hounds threw off at Sir Harry Mildmay's, at Dogmersfield, Hants; soon found a fox, and, after a sharp burst, making a circle by Winchfield, re-crossed the canal and Dogmersfield Park, through Cocksmoor, away over Hosdon Common, Slade Heath, down to Locksgrove, crossing the road to Winchester, and afterwards the river at Willey, into Holt Forest—Abbot's Wood, over the brook at Huntingford Bridge, to Wishhanger Common and Heath, and almost to Bramshot, then turning away, and in view, killed him in Gentle's coppice, near Liphook.—Four gentlemen, besides the huntsman and whipper-in, were the only persons that lasted through the whole of this excellent run, and in at the death.

ABOUT the beginning of this month, the beagles of Mr. Elphick, of Willingdon, Sussex, unkennelled a fox at Folkington, and after a most capital chace of between two and three hours, killed him, at Wannock, where, by manœuvering in a barn, he might possibly have escaped from a pack less staunch than that which is the boast of Willingdon. This once wily victim was a dog fox, and so remarkable for size and strength, that the oldest sportsman in the field, who had been in at the death of scores, declared he had never seen his equal.

COURSING MEETINGS, 1802.

MALTON,

Tuesday, November 2.

The first day had, as usual, the PRIZE CUP of the Meeting was run for the first thing.—Five dogs were entered for it, which, after three races, came in as under:

Major Topham's black dog, Suwarrow, got by Snowball,	1
Mr Slingsby's black bitch, Harpy	2
Sir Rowland Winn's black dog, Driver, - -	3
Sir Rowland Winn's brown and white, - -	4
Mr. Lee's white bitch, -	5

The first course was so short it was undecided. The second course

no

no dog but Suwarrow got a sight of the hare, and therefore undecided.—In the last course the hare won her match; in running, a farmer run over Suwarrow, who won afterwards.

Four matches against Mr. Plumer—got by Snowball, or out of a bitch got by Snowball, against Mr. Plumer's breed.

Two won by Major Topham—1 by Mr. Plumer, and 1 undecided.

Two against Sir Rowland Winn—whelps out of Toy, sister to Dent.

One won by Sir Rowland Winn—1 undecided

Mr. Broadley beat Sir Rowland Winn.

Major Topham agst Mr Richmond—forfeited by Mr. Richmond.

Mr. Broadley agst Sir Rowland Winn—undecided.

MATCH OF THREE PUPPIES.

Mr. Slingsby forfeited to Mr. Plumer.

SWEEPSTAKES.

Mr. Broadley, Mr Maister, and Mr. S. Croft—undecided.

The number of horsemen on the ground amounted to about 300, and so many hares were put up in consequence, that there was a want of hares for running.

Wednesday.—A Bye-Day.

Mr. Duncombe's fox hounds threw off at Housham woods.—A fox was found, but, from the badness of the day, there was no run.

Thursday,

SECOND PUBLIC COURSING DAY.

A cup was run for, and won by Colonel Bowes's black dog, Young Snowball, got by Old Snowball, - - 1

Mr. Slingsby's black bitch, Harpy, Mr. Swinsen's breed, 2

Mr. Darley's black and white bitch, Patch, - 3

Young Snowball having beat all England last year at Flinton, even betting on him, at starting, against the field.—He won in a very superior style.

Mr. S. Croft's black dog, Farmer, 1

Major Topham's black dog, Suwarrow, - 2

POST-MATCH.

Major Topham. - 1

Mr Lee, - - 2

Major Topham agst Mr. Lee—undecided.

The hare was killed immediately.—A bad course.

Major Topham's black puppy, Toy, - - 1

Sir Rowland Winn's black and white puppy, Fencer, - 2

Mr Broadley beat Mr. Grimstone.

Major Topham agst Sir Rowland Winn—undecided.

The first day's running was over the Duggleby ground, and the second day's over the Wharram. A number of hares were killed, which in general ran very badly.

SWAFFHAM.

The Swaffham Coursing Meeting being perfectly re-established, was well attended, and some sporting matches were run. Several capital greyhounds were sold at high prices.

Tuesday, Nov. 9.—Westacre-Field.

Sir J. Sebright's Prude, beat Mr. Dudley's Angelica, 1 g.

Sir J. Sebright's Puss, beat Mr. Denton's Nettle, 1 g.

Sir J. Sebright's Polly against Mr. Denton's Nell, undecided, 1 guinea.

Sir J. Sebright's Ponobscot-Nettle, beat Mr. Denton's Needle, 1 guinea, and 4 guineas bye.

Mr. Breton's Snake beat Mr. Tyssen's

sen's Trimmer, 1 guinea, and 1 guinea bye.

Mr. Ottley's Whiteboy beat Mr. Tyssen's Triumph, 1 guinea, and 1 guinea bye.

Mr. Moseley's Smutt beat Mr. Ottley's Whisper, 1 g.

Mr. Dudley's Asp against Mr. Tyssen's Tasty, undecided, 1 guinea.

Mr. Dudley's Asp beat Mr. Tyssen's Tasty, 1 g.

After these, several matches were run by gentlemen not subscribers.

Wednesday.—Cley-Field.

Mr. Moseley's Buzzard beat Mr. Tyssen's Triumph, 1 g.

Mr. Tyssen's Trimmer against Mr. Ottley's Wowski, undecided, 1 guinea.

Mr. Tyssen's Trip and Mr. Breton's Julia, undecided.—Off by consent.

Mr. Breton's Lilly beat Mr. Tyssen's Trull, 1 guinea.

Mr. Tharp's Garland against Mr. Ottley's Weasel, undecided, 1 guinea.

Thursday.—Smee.

Mr. Tharp's Go-by and Mr. Dashwood's Davy.—Off by consent. 1 guinea.

Mr. Ottley's Weasel beat Mr. Caldwell's Kick-up, 1 guinea, and 1 guinea bye.

Mr. Breton's Snatch beat Mr. Tyssen's Trull, 1 guinea.

Several excellent races were run by Non-Subscribers, and the field afforded extraordinary sport.

Friday.—Westacre Field.

Sir J. Sebright's Prude rec. ft. of Mr. Galwey's Hebe, 1 guinea, and 4 guineas bye.

Mr. Moseley's Buzzard beat Sir J. Sebright's Prude, 1 guinea, and 4 guineas bye.

M. Jesse's Satin beat Sir J. Sebright's Pickle, 1 guinea, and 1 guinea bye.

Mr. Caldwell's Kitt-cat beat Mr. Ottley's Whiteboy, 1 guinea, and 1 guinea bye.

Sir J Sebright's Patch, rec. ft. of Mr. Caldwell's Kitty, 1 guinea, and 9 guineas bye.

Mr Breton's Snake beat Mr Dashwood's Deuce, 1 guinea.

Sir J. Sebright's Ponobscot-Nettle against Mr. Caldwell's Killboy, 1 guinea, and 1 guinea bye undecided.

Mr. Ottley's Whisper against Mr. Moseley's Briar, 1 guinea, undecided.

Mr. Ottley's Whisper against Mr. Moseley's Briar, 1 guinea ditto

Sir J. Sebright's Plunder against Mr. Tyssen's Trimmer, 1 guinea.

Mr. Breton's Smut against Mr. Tyssen's Trull, 1 guinea.

Mr. Hamond's Quirk against Mr. Breton's Sting, 1 guinea.

There was not time to run the three last matches

Saturday.—Igborough Field.

Mr. Breton's Strettle beat Mr. Moseley's Blue Devil, 1 guinea.

Mr. Moseley's Briar against Mr. Davenport's Whisper, 1 guinea, undecided.

Mr. Moseley's Briar against Mr. Davenport's Whisper, 1 guinea, ditto.

Mr. Jesse's Jet beat Mr. Breton's Swift, 1 guinea.

Mr. Moseley's Briar, beat Mr. Davenport's Whisper, 1 guinea.

Mr. Jesse's Jet beat Sir J. Sebright's Patch, 1 guinea.

HYDE PARK.

THE sporting season commenced on Sunday the 14th, in Hyde Park, when there was a tolerable field, considering Parliament *had not* assembled. The METROPOLIS SUBSCRIPTION PACK threw off at two o'clock near *Rotten Row*, but it being the first day of the season,

son, and a great number of *puppies* newly entered, they became so *riotous*, and occasioned so much *skirting*, that it was impossible for the oldest sportsmen, or the best horsemen, to keep them at all together. BABBLERS were breaking away in *every* direction, and fears were entertained that the *hydrophobia* was making its appearance, although the majority of the young hounds had been dipt in the *salt water* during the late sultry season. The confusion arising from both *skirters* and *babblers*, was productive of much disappointment, for the unavoidable clamour in endeavouring to bring the *newly entered hounds* to obedience, and the incessant vociferations of "ware horse," and "ware hound," in addition to the horsemen riding different ways, induced various distant beliefs, that the pack had *unkennelled*, and were going off *in view*; this led to many mistakes; "hold hard," and "hark back," being re-echoed from every quarter, to the great danger of many excellent horsemen, who narrowly escaped being turned *topsy turvy*, by the ungovernable *steeds* of the juvenile sportsmen. Some few characters of celebrity sported their singularities, and displayed their qualifications. A well known PEER rode at *three quarters speed* from the gate at Hyde Park corner to the end of Rotten Row, in a jockey-like style, without *fee* or *reward*, and did not seem *greatly fatigued* when he pulled up. Mr. VAN BUTCHEL was in good health and high spirits, sporting his *long beard* and his *long tailed* poney for the amusement of *the ladies*. A member of the late parliament was observed to *keep his seat*, though confoundedly jostled, *between friends*, both on *one* side and the *other*. An EGYPTIAN GENERAL, upon a NATURAL BARB, well caparisoned, attracted much attention, and *politically* proved he was no *small* or *insignificant* member of society; and a *qui tam* attorney, provided with *new boots* at the commencement of *term*, for his *journies* to Westminster Hall, continued to ride his *rat*, alias *sprig-tail poney*, for two hours at the top of his speed, in different directions, as an indisputable *public proof* of his *humanity*.

MORE OF HYDE PARK.

A Dreadful Accident.

ON Sunday the 29th instant, about two o'clock, just as the fashionable world were beginning to collect in Hyde Park, another *awful lesson* presented itself to those PHÆTONIC METEORS, who are so eternally anxious to obtain a superiority over each other, by the *blaze* of their individual brilliancy. A gentleman of the name of D. entering the Park from the turnpike, in his curricle, with a pair of blood bay horses, had not got more than six times the length of his carriage within the gate, when the horses, either from instinctive spirit, not accustomed to the restraint of harness, or alarmed with the rattling of the carriages, began to be a little rampant. Here unfortunately the driver, either by design or accident, happening to strike one of the horses with the whip, he instantly made an effort at speed, which his companion, being rather more obedient to the bit, seemed for *a moment* reluctantly to comply with; but the force of emulative inspiration was too great to suppress, and they *jointly* overcame the power opposed to their exertions. As the speed of the horses increased, the dread and anxiety of the numerous spectators became on every side perceptible, and infinite personal but ineffectual efforts were made to render assistance. They took the left hand road toward the canal and magazine, over the gravel recently laid down; at the first gate

gate on the right, the groom, by a sudden jerk upon the large stones, was either thrown or jumped out; and, sustaining no injury, instantly followed, in a hope of assisting his master, who firmly kept his seat, the horses going at the extent of their speed, threatening inevitable destruction. Reaching the side of the canal, and no prospect presenting itself, but being dashed to atoms, by a continuance of their career becoming, if possible, more and more impetuous, he, at this moment, used all his force to guide them to the water; they obeyed the reins, took the canal, and, although in the greasest danger of being lost, they regained the land, and were got again into the road, when every heart was elate, upon a presumption the worst was past; and a person had with great personal fortitude seized the off-horse by the bridle, and continued to persevere till compelled to let go his hold, for the preservation of his own life.

Here the loud supplications of Mr. D. for assistance, were most distressing to every human mind, unable to afford the least relief; in which dilemma of mental despondency and desperation, he perhaps most fortunately, once more guided them towards that deep they had before escaped, where the great body of water, by the time they were chest deep, had retarded their speed, and they seemed to be brought up; but in the very act of turning, when their heads were pointing for the land, the off horse being upon the edge of the great depth, lost foot-hold, when a scene shocking to behold instantly ensued; the weight of the sinking horse, gradually subdued every effort of the other, till only their heads were seen above the surface; during which the Curricle continued sinking, the body of Mr. D. doing so likewise, till only his head was perceptible, at which moment the groans of the Horses, and lamentations of the Driver, exceed the power of the pen to describe, and never can be obliterated from the mind of the writer, who was a near and miserable spectator of the whole. At the critical instant when it was supposed no effort could save his life, two persons who had from the first made a determined point at relief, plunged into the stream up to their breasts, and most happily preserved his life at the hazard of their own. The horses, after long struggling, were both drowned, and left in the Canal, the Curricle was brought to shore by the boat.

CELEBRATED ROAN HACK.

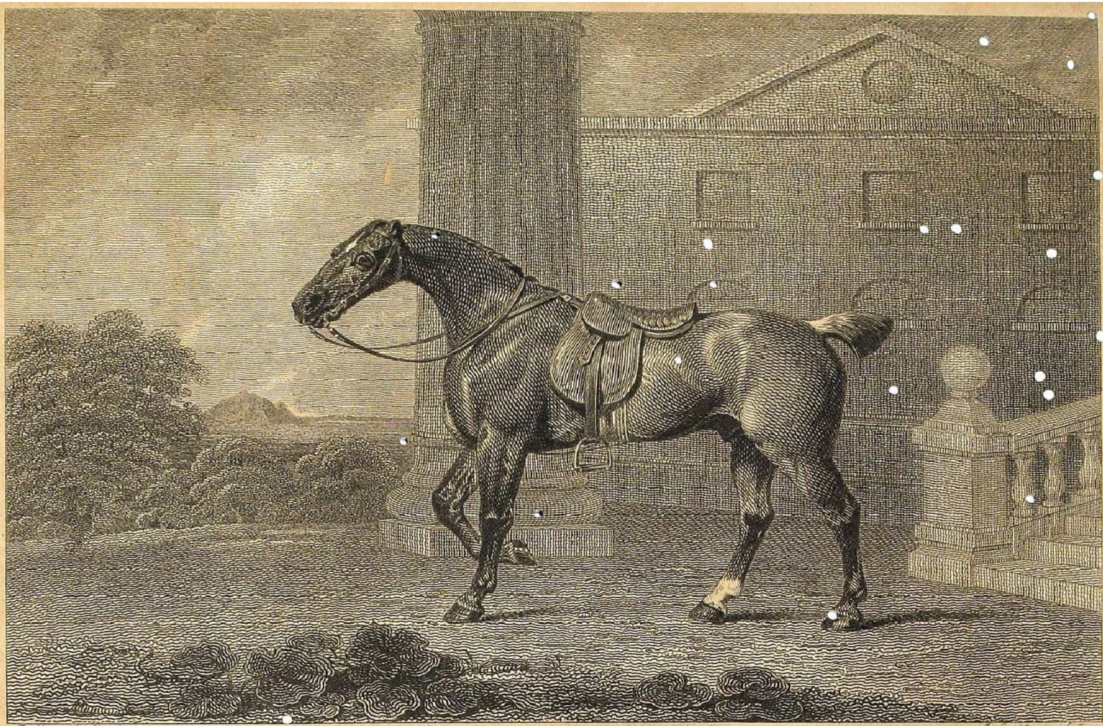
The Property of His Royal Highness
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

An Engraving, to front this Page.

THIS celebrated hack, of which a portrait is here given, was, as we have been informed, once the property of Lord Egmont, afterwards of Mr. Tattersall, and now of the Prince of Wales; of his excellence as a hack, we shall not make any long enumeration. The Prince, who constantly rides him, once trotted him 6 miles in 21 minutes and a half. He is so valuable a horse for his use as a hack, that when Mr. Tattersall sold him to the Prince, it was on the special condition, that if his Royal Highness was at any future period inclined to part with him, Mr. Tattersall was to have him again.

With respect to the original painting, and the engraving, we shall say little, Mr. Marshall's talents are so well known, and his fame so fairly established, that he needs no encomiums from us; and, in regard to Mr. Scott, his late engravings for Mr Daniels's Rural Sports, has so completely stamped him an artist of the first order, that our praise would be nothing worth to him.

ANIMAL



B. Marshall pinx.t   J. Scott sculp.t

Roan Hack

The Property of his Royal Highness The Prince of Wales.

ANIMAL BIOGRAPHY;

Or, Anecdotes of the Lives, Manners, and Economy, of the Animal Creation, arranged according to the System of Linnæus. By the Rev. W. Bingley, A. B. Fellow of the Linnean Society, and late of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. In three Volumes, 8vo. London, printed for R. Philips.

THIS is a work, which, to the public in general, and to our readers in particular, will afford considerable amusement and information. It is also the first of its kind, and may be justly esteemed as a Compendium of the Philosophy of the History of Animals, Insects, Birds, &c. The author, in his preface, asserts that the principal intention of his work, is to induce a taste for the study of natural history; and that, if it shall appear that he has brought forward anecdotes and observations conducive to that end, he shall consider the labour of two years, almost entirely employed in it, as not improperly bestowed. For this purpose, besides his own immediate observations, it appears that he has ranged through a most expensive collection of books, amounting in number to near a *thousand volumes*; in which he has taken in the accounts of nearly all the authentic travellers and historians, from the earliest to the present times To render the work unobjectionable even to female delicacy, such particulars as are enlarged upon by Buffon, and a few others, are carefully avoided Every thing not contributing to illustrate the character of animals, is omitted; the author, properly observing, that, with respect to their figure, colour, shape, &c. enough is to be found in almost every authentic book of natural history extant; particularly in Dr. Shaw's elegant and valuable work on General Zoology:—And, though the reader may recognize many of the anecdotes he has recorded, to avoid a repetition, as much as possible, he has omitted nearly all those which are most trite and well known. The system which he has adhered to in his arrangement, is that of Linnæus, as corrected by Gmelin, Shaw, and some other later writers.—To save the trouble of a particular, and a repeated citation of his numerous authorities, he has prefixed a list of the principal works that form the foundation of his three volumes.

A Dissertation on the study of nature intervenes between the preface and Mr Bingley's Animal Biography, which the contemplative and inquiring mind will peruse with considerable interest and effect. As a specimen of the author's manner, we have this month commenced our selection with his account of the Fox, from page 238 of Vol. I.

THE FOX.

THE Fox is a native of almost every quarter of the globe, and is of such a wild and savage nature that it is impossible fully to tame him. He is esteemed the most sagacious and most crafty of all beasts of prey. The former quality he shews in his mode of providing himself an asylum, where he retires from pressing dangers, where he dwells, and where he brings up his young: and his craftiness is discovered by his schemes to catch Lambs, Geese, Hens, and all kinds of small birds. The Fox, if possible, fixes his abode on the border of a wood, in the neighbourhood of some farm or village: he listens to the crowing of the Cocks and the cries of the poultry: he scents them at a distance; he chuses his time with

with judgment; he conceals his road as well as his design; he slips forward with caution, sometimes even trailing his body, and seldom makes a fruitless expedition. If he can leap the wall, or get in underneath, he ravages the court-yard, puts all to death, and retires softly with his prey, which he either hides under the herbage, or carries off to his kennel. He returns in a few minutes for another, which he carries off or conceals in the same manner, but in a different place. In this way he proceeds till the progress of the sun, or some movements perceived in the house, advertize him that it is time to suspend his operations, and to retire to his den. He plays the same game with the catchers of Thrushes, Woodcocks, &c. He visits the nets and birdlime very early in the morning, carries off successively the birds which are entangled, and lays them in different places, especially by the sides of high ways, in the furrows, under the herbage or brush wood, where they sometimes lie two or three days; but he knows perfectly where to find them when he is in need. He hunts the young Hares in the plains, siezes old ones in their seats, digs out the Rabbits in the warrens, discovers the nests of Partridges and Quails, seizes the mothers on the eggs, and destroys a vast puantity of game. He is exceedingly voracious, and when other food fails him, makes war against Rats, Field Mice, Serpents, Lizards, and Toads. Of these he destroys vast numbers, and this is the only service that he appears to do to mankind. When urged by hunger he will also eat roots or insects; and the Foxes near the coasts will devour Crabs, Shrimps, or Shell fish. In France and Italy they do incredible mischief by feeding on grapes, of which they are excessively fond.

We are told by Buffon that he sometimes attacks Bee-hives, and the nests of Wasps, for the sake of what he can find to eat: and that he frequently meets with so rough a reception as to force him to retire, that he may roll on the ground and crush those that are stinging him; but having thus rid himself of his troublesome companions, he instantly returns to the charge, and obliges them at length to forsake their combs, and leave them to him as the reward of his victory. When pressed by necessity he will devour carrion. "I once, (says M. Buffon), suspended on a tree, at the height of nine feet, some meat, bread, and bones. The Foxes had been at severe exercise during the night; for next morning the earth all round was beaten, by their jumping, as smooth as a barn floor."

The Fox exhibits a great degree of cunning in digging young Rabbits out of their burrows. He does not enter the hole, for in this case he would have to dig several feet along the ground, under the surface of the earth; but he follows their scent above, till he comes to the end, where they lay, and then scratching up the earth, descends immediately upon, and devours them.

Pontoppidan informs us, that when the Fox observes an Otter go into the water to fish, he will frequently hide himself behind a stone, and when the Otter comes to shore with his prey, he will make such a spring upon him that the affrighted animal runs off and leaves his booty behind. "A certain person, (continues this writer), was surprised on seeing a Fox near a fisherman's house, laying a parcel of Torsk's heads in a row: He waited the event; the Fox hid himself behind them, and made a booty of

of the first Crow that came for a bit of them.*"

The Fox prepares for himself a convenient den, in which he lies concealed during the greater part of the day. This is so contrived as to afford the best possible security to the inhabitant, being situated under hard ground, the roots of trees, &c. and is, besides, furnished with proper outlets, through which he may escape in case of necessity. This care and dexterity in constructing for himself a habitation, is by M. Buffon considered as alone sufficient to rank the Fox among the higher order of quadrupeds, since it implies no small degree of intelligence.

"The Fox, (says he), knows how to ensure his safety, by providing himself with an asylum to which he retires from pressing dangers, where he dwells, and where he brings up his young. He is not a vagabond, but lives settled in a domestic state. This difference, though it appears even among men, has greater effects, and supposes more powerful causes among the inferior animals. The single idea of a habitation or settled place of abode, the art of making it commodious, and concealing the avenues to it, imply a superior degree of sentiment."

He is one of those animals, that in this country are made objects of diversion in the chase. When he finds himself pursued, he generally makes towards his hole, and penetrating to the bottom, lies till a Terrier is sent in to him. If his den is under a rock or the roots of trees, which is often the case, he is safe, for the Terrier is no match for him there, and he cannot be dug out by his enemies. When the retreat to his kennel is cut off, his stratagems and shifts to escape are as surprising as they are various. He always takes to the most woody parts of the country, and prefers the paths that are most embarrassed with thorns and briars. He runs in a direct line before the hounds, and at no great distance from them; and if hard pushed, seeks the low, wet grounds, as if conscious that the scent did not lie so well there. When overtaken, he becomes obstinately desperate, and bravely defends himself against the teeth of his adversaries even to the last gasp.

Dr. Goldsmith relates a remarkable instance of the parental affection of this animal, which he says occurred near Chelmsford. "A she Fox that had, as it should seem, but one cub, was unkennelled by a gentleman's Hounds, and hotly pursued. The poor animal, braving every danger, rather than leave her cub behind to be worried by the dogs, took it up in her mouth, and ran with it in this manner for some miles. At last, taking her way through a farmer's yard, she was assaulted by a Mastiff, and at length obliged to drop her cub; this was taken up by the farmer." And we are happy to add that the affectionate creature escaped the pursuit, and got off in safety.

Of all animals the Fox has the most significant eye, by which is expressed every passion of love, fear, hatred, &c. He is remarkably playful; but, like all savage creatures half reclaimed, will, on the least offence, bite even those with whom he is most familiar. He is never to be fully tamed: he languishes when deprived of liberty; and if kept too long in a domestic state, he dies of chagrin. When abroad, he is often seen to amuse himself with his fine bushy tail, running sometimes for a considerable

* These seem such extraordinary instances of sagacity and intelligence, that we scarcely know how to credit them.

while in circles to catch it. In cold weather he wraps it about his nose."

The Fox is very common in Japan. The natives believe him to be animated by the devil, and their historical and sacred writings are all full of strange accounts respecting him.

He possesses astonishing acuteness of smell. During winter he makes an almost continual yelping, but in summer, when he sheds his hair, he is for the most part silent.

In the Northern countries there is a *Black Fox*, a variety of the Common Fox. The Kamtschadales informed Dr. Grieve that these were once so numerous with them, that whenever they fed their Dogs, it was a difficult piece of labour to prevent them from partaking. The Doctor says that when he was in Kamtschatka, they were in such plenty near the forts, that in the night they entered them without any apparent apprehension of danger from the Dogs of the country. One of the inhabitants, he informs us, caught several of them in the pit where he kept his fish.

The mode usually adopted by the inhabitants for taking them, is by traps baited with live animals: and, for the greater security, two or three of these traps are placed upon one hillock, that, whatever way the Foxes approach, they may fall into one of them. This is found necessary, since those which have been once in danger, ever afterwards go so cautiously to work, as frequently to eat the bait without being seized. But, with all their cunning, when several traps are employed, it is difficult for them to escape. Their skins are very valuable.

We have only omitted Mr. Bingley's account of the Artic Fox, in page 244, of Vol. I. because the readers of the Sporting Magazine, may find it, *verbatim*, in our fourteenth volume, page 249.

THE HAMSTER.

The Hamster is about the size of the Brown or Norway Rat, but much thicker, and its tail only about three inches long. Its colour is reddish brown above, and black beneath; but, on each side of the body, are three large oval white spots. The ears are rather large. On each side of the mouth are two receptacles for food, which, when empty, are so far contracted, as not to appear externally; but when filled, they resemble a pair of tumid bladders, with a smooth veiny surface, which is concealed by the fur of the cheeks.

These, the only species of the pouched Rats found in Europe, are inhabitants of Austria, Silesia, and many parts of Germany. They live underground, burrowing down obliquely. At the end of their passage, the male sinks one perpendicular hole, and the female several, sometimes seven or eight. At the end of these are formed various vaults, either as lodges for themselves and young, or as store-houses for their food. Each young has its different apartment; and each sort of grain its different vault: the former they line with straw or grass. The vaults are of different depths, according to the age of the animals: a young Hamster makes them scarcely a foot deep; an old one sinks them to the depth of four or five. The whole diameter of the habitation, with all its communications, is sometimes eight or ten feet.

The male and female have always separate burrows; for, except in their short season of courtship, they have no intercourse. The whole race is so malevolent, as constantly to reject all society with one another. They will fight, kill, and devour each other. The female shews little affection even for her young; for if any person digs into the hole, she attempts to save herself

herself by burrowing deeper into the earth, leaving them a prey to the intruder. They would willingly follow her, but she is deaf to their cries, and even shuts up against them the hole which she has made.

The Hamsters feed on grain, herbs, and roots, and, at times, even eat flesh. Their pace is extremely slow; but, in burrowing in the ground, they exhibit great agility. Not being formed for long journies, their magazines are first stocked with such provisions as are nearest to their abode, which accounts for some of their chambers being filled with only one species of grain. After the harvest is reaped, they, from compulsion, go to greater distances, in search of provisions, and carry to their storehouse whatever eatables they can lay hold of.

To facilitate the transportation of food to their hoards, nature has furnished them with the pouches in their cheeks.—These, in the inside, are furnished with many glands, which secrete a certain fluid, that preserves the flexibility of the parts. They are each capable of containing about two ounces of grain, which the animal empties into its granary, by pressing its two fore-feet against its cheeks.—When their cheeks are full, they may easily be caught with the hand, without the risk of being bitten, as they have not, in this condition, the free motion of their jaws. If, however, a little time is allowed, they soon empty their pouches, and stand on their defence.

On dissecting one of these animals, Dr. Russel found the pouch, on each side of its mouth, stuffed with young French beans, arranged lengthways, so exactly and close to each other, that it appeared strange by what mechanism it had been effected; for the membrane, which forms the pouch, though muscular, is extremely thin, and the most expert fingers could not have packed the beans in more regular order. When they were laid loosely on the table, they formed a heap three times the bulk of the animal's body.

What these creatures lay up, is not for their winter's support, as, during that season, they always sleep, but for their nourishment, previous to the commencement, and after the conclusion of their state of torpidity. The quantity in the burrows depends upon the size and sex of the inhabitants, the old ones frequently amassing upwards of a hundred weight of grain, but the young and the females providing a quantity much smaller.

At the commencement of the cold season, the Hamsters retire into their hiding places, the entrances to which they close up. Here they repose for some months, and, in this state, they are often dug up by the peasantry, who, at this season of the year, employ much of their time in hunting for these retreats. They are easily known by the small mounts of earth, raised at the end of the galleries. In these places the men dig till the hoard is discovered, which often consists of a bushel, or a bushel and a half of corn; and they are farther rewarded by the skins of the animals, which are esteemed valuable furs.

In some seasons, the Hamsters are so numerous, that they occasion a dearth of corn. In one year, about 11,000 skins; in a second 54,000; and in a third year 80,000, were brought to the Town-house of Gotha, to receive a reward for their destruction.

The Hamster sleeps during the winter; and, though neither respiration nor any kind of feeling can be perceived, yet the heart has been discovered (by opening the chest) to beat fifteen times in a minute.

The

The blood continues fluid, but the intestines are not irritable; and, in the open air, he does not become torpid. When found in a state of torpidity, his head is bent under his belly, between the two fore legs, and the hind-legs rest upon his muzzle. The eyes are closed, and when the eye-lids are forced open, they instantly shut again. The members are all stiff, and the body feels as cold as ice: and if he is even dissected in this state, his lethargy is too strong to admit of his waking entirely.

The lethargy of the Hamster has been ascribed solely to a certain degree of cold; but experience has proved, that, to render the Hamster torpid, he must also be excluded from all communication with the external air: for when one of them is shut up in a cage, filled with earth and straw, and exposed in winter to a degree of cold, even sufficient to freeze water, he never becomes torpid. But, when the cage is sunk four or five feet underground and well secured against the access of air, at the end of eight or ten days, he is as torpid as if he had been in his own burrow. If the cage is brought up to the surface, the Hamster will awake in a few hours, and he resumes his torpid state when put below the earth again.

When the animal is passing from a state of torpidity, his actions are very singular: he first loses the rigidity of his members, and then makes profound respirations, but at long intervals. His legs begin to move, he opens his mouth, and utters disagreeable and rattling sounds. After continuing these operations for some time, he opens his eyes, and endeavours to raise himself on his legs. But all these movements are still reeling and unsteady, like those of a man intoxicated with liquor; he, however, reiterates his efforts, till he is at length enabled to stand on his legs. In this attitude, he remains fixed, as if he meant to reconnoitre, and repose himself after his fatigue. But he gradually begins to walk, to eat, and to act in his usual manner. This passage, from a torpid to an active state, requires more or less time, according to the temperature of the air. When exposed to a cold air, he sometimes requires more than two hours to awake; and, in a more temperate air, he accomplishes his purpose in less than one.

The life of a Hamster is divided between eating and fighting. He seems to have no other passion than that of rage, which induces him to attack every animal that comes in his way, without in the least attending to the superior strength of the enemy. Ignorant of the art of saving himself by flight, rather than yield, he will allow himself to be beaten to pieces with a stick. If he seizes a man's hand, he must be killed before he quits his hold. The magnitude of the Horse terrifies him as little as the address of the Dog, which last is fond of hunting him. When the Hamster perceives a Dog at a distance, he begins by emptying his cheekpouches, if they happen to be filled with grain: he then blows them up so prodigiously, that the size of the head and neck greatly exceeds that of the rest of the body: he raises himself on his hind legs, and thus darts upon the enemy. If he catches hold, he never quits it, but with the loss of his life. But the Dog generally seizes him behind, and strangles him. This ferocious disposition prevents the Hamster from being at peace with any animal whatever. He even makes war against his own species, not excepting the females. When two Hamsters meet, they never fail to attack

attack each other, and the stronger always devours the weaker. A combat between a male and a female commonly lasts longer than that between two males. They begin by pursuing and biting each other; then each of them retires to a side, as if to take breath: a little after they renew the combat, and continue to fly and to fight, till one of them falls. The vanquished uniformly serves for a repast to the conqueror.

The females bring forth twice or thrice a year; each litter consisting of six or eight young; and their increase in some years is so rapid, as almost to be sufficient to occasion a dearth. In about three weeks after their birth, the young are so strong as to be able to seek their own provisions, which the dam obliges them to do; and, in fifteen or sixteen days, they begin to dig the earth.

(To be continued.)

RUSSIAN DIVERTISSEMENTS.

From Storch's Picture of Petersburgh.

WE now come to speak of the pleasant and delightful gardens which, with exemplary liberality, are usually open to the recreation of the public.—The grand-ducal island, Kammennoi-Ostrof, has not only a great many fine private gardens, but all people are allowed the liberty of amusing themselves here in a becoming manner. The romantic wildness of this island, its situation between other rural places of amusement, the fishery, and a well-furnished house of entertainment, draw a great number of people hither on fine summer days.—Another island, Krestofsky-Ostrof, belonging to Count Razumofsky, is one continued forest, cut through in various places into large and noble vistas. Here likewise every one is permitted to enjoy the beauties of nature. On Sundays and holidays, are seen a great confluence of citizens of the lower classes, taking their pleasure unmolested. Likewise Yelaghin's Island, the most charming of them all, is free to the use of the public, as also are the gardens of Counts Stroganof and Besborodko, in the Vyborgskoï quarter. The two former have for many years kept open a Vauxhall, much resorted to by the public, of all classes. The company amuse themselves in walking and dancing, for which purpose the proprietors keep a well-conducted Turkish band of music; in fishing, swinging, and playing at bowls; and, in the evening, a firework is generally exhibited. M. Yelaghin himself usually takes part in the amusements he so liberally dispenses to others, and his daughters at times open the ball with some gentleman present. That the enjoyment of all these amusements is free of expence to the visitants, scarcely needs to be mentioned.

Among the pleasantest walks without the town, the Peterhof-Road would indisputably deserve the foremost place, were its advantages not so diminished by the suffocating clouds of dust raised by the carriages incessantly passing along. This inconvenience, however, great as it is, by no means prevents the principal and most fashionable part of the inhabitants from making this district the chief place of their resort for pleasure. From the description of this excellent highway, the reader already knows, that it is bordered on both sides with elegant and splendid villas. Most of them belong to private persons, and are used to the entertainment of themselves and their friends in a very hospitable manner. But, with still greater liberality, several persons

sons of rank convert their gardens into places of public entertainment, to which all people of decent appearance are at liberty to come. The country-seats of the two brothers Narishkin, deserve here particular notice, as being frequented on Sundays by great numbers of the higher classes. A friendly invitation, in four different languages, inscribed over the entrance to the grounds, authorises every one of decent appearance and behaviour, to amuse himself there in whatever way he pleases, without fear of molestation. In several pavilions are musicians for the benefit of those who chuse to dance; in others are chairs and sophas, ready for the reception of any party who wish to recreate themselves by sedate conversation, after roaming about with the great throng; some parties take to the swings, the bowling-green, and other diversions; on the canals and lakes are gondolas; some constructed for rowing, others for sailing: and, if all this be not enough, refreshments are spread on tables in particular alcoves, or are handed about by servants in livery. This noble hospitality is by no means unenjoyed; the concourse of persons of all descriptions, from the star and ribband, to the plain well-dressed burgher, forms such a party-coloured collection, and sometimes groupes are so humorously contrasted, that, for this reason alone, it is well worth the pains of partaking once in the amusement.

The number of these sauntering places, in and about the residence, is so great, that we are not yet come near the end of our list. Therefore, to spare myself and the reader the trouble of repetitions, we will take our leave of this branch of public pastime, in order to entertain ourselves with another class very nearly allied to it.

Walking has some admirers at St. Petersburg, but driving incomparably more. A convenience, which in this extensive, dirty town, is so much a necessary, will naturally soon degenerate into a luxury. The necessity of keeping horses for use, is pushed to the utmost extravagance; no where is driving so much a diversion as here.

It has long been the custom to keep a general Promenade on certain holidays. On the first of May all the people of fashion assemble in the most splendid equipages in the woods of Katharinenhof, as it should seem, to hail the arrival of spring. All that the taste and expence of the wealthy part of the public has to exhibit in these particulars, is here to be seen, as numbers of new carriages have been kept shut up in the coach-houses till this day; and this train actually determines the fashion in the shape and colour of carriages till the next grand parade. Magnificent as the procession is, of several thousand equipages, mostly in the highest style of richness and elegance, not less, and perhaps still more curious, is the end and aim of this choice diversion.

The carriages proceed in three or four rows, close beside and behind each other; the pleasure consists in seeing and being seen; and, after some hours spent in this manner, every one hastens home satisfied and delighted. The populace who, on this occasion, assemble in great multitudes, have here, as usual, drawn the better lot: jovial and gay, they take their glass of brandy, looking from under their tents at the gaudy hosts of vanity; and to them it is a real comedy. The philosopher entertains himself in contemplating the singular contrasts of this prodigious mass of mortals compounded of such heterogeneous parts; and every one thinks himself well repaid for coming.—Similar

Similar Carriage-promenades are held at Easter round the swings.

More appropriate, and more general than these amusements, is the Driving in Sledges; a diversion, of which, even in Germany, nothing more than a very faint idea can be formed. Indeed it is not here the custom, as there, to have solemn processions in sledges; but the nature of our winter, and the fleetness of our horses, confer peculiar charms on this amusement in Russia. The sledges here in use are extremely simple, as the shapes of shells, gondolas, swans, eagles, &c. are thought absurd and tasteless ornaments. Those for two persons are drawn by a pair of horses, one being harnessed in the shafts, and the other by his side, without them, to a suspended cross-bar *. The rule is to keep the former in a trot, and the other in a gallop. The great interest in this winter-sport consists in the extraordinary speed of driving: to what lengths our Isvoschtschiki and horses have attained in this matter, I shall forbear to mention, for fear of losing all my credit with the reader.—The sledges for a single person, made use of by our beaux for their morning recreation, are generally very elegant, and their horses excellent runners: the gentleman guides himself, and beside the horse rides a hussar, finely dressed, to hold the reins —On pleasant winter-days, public Sledge-Races are held on the Neva. The course is about three hundred fathoms long, and enclosed with railing. The lovers of the sport, and the Isvoschtschiki, lay bets on the fleetness of their horses, or use the course merely for their own diversion. The great concourse of people assembled as spectators, for whose accommodation, likewise, several scaffolds are erected, is a considerable addition to the liveliness of the show.—Driving for pleasure is not merely confined to one sex; the ladies are warranted by custom to enjoy this amusement consistently with the rules of propriety. The principal rendezvous for it is the Peterhof-Road.

The Neva, and the canals by which St. Petersburg is intersected, afford the inhabitants the convenience of going, for business or pleasure, on the water, in such perfection as can only be enjoyed in very few towns in Europe. We may not only go on pleasant excursions to a distance from the city, and to the islands, but even take short passages to most of the streets On the shores of the Neva, plenty of boats are ever in readiness to take a fare, some of them belonging to the public offices, others kept by private persons. They are of various sizes, of two, four, six, eight, and twelve oars; but their construction is in general the same. The after-part, just before the steersman, is usually covered with an awning provided with curtains, as a protection from rain. Their appearance is always elegant, but those belonging to the gentry magnificent. The rowers are all sailors, and dressed in uniform, having caps with high plumes of feathers. Their dexterity in rowing is such, that even the English sailors acknowledge their superiority. All the motions are directed with the strictest punctilio by the steersman's orders. At his first word of command all the oars are raised in the air, at the second they fall at once into the water, and at the third the rowing begins; so exactly in time,

* The Russian harness has several peculiarities extremely difficult to be described; it is said, however, to be excellently calculated for the benefit of the horse. Perhaps it may not be improper to remark, that the Russians are universally well-skilled in the treatment of horses.

and with such equal exertions, as if the motion was effected by the spring of a machine When going with the current, and the passengers require it, the sailors strike up a song, which the steersman, with a pipe made of birch bark [rojoke] directs and accompanies. — All things considered, these water-parties are to be reckoned among the most engaging amusements of the place.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING, in your last Magazine, given an article of the designs of a *Dreaming Fille de Chambre*, I send you the following account of a similar stratagem carried into effect by a pretended GHOST,

I am, &c. W. G.

A SUPERSTITIOUS old Lady, in the gay circle of high life, whose name, from particular motives, we cannot communicate, has lately been made the complete dupe of her own credulity. An Officer in the navy had long paid his addresses to the Lady's niece, whose fortune being greatly superior to his, the aunt treated the connection with contempt, and forbid him the house. Miss, having a tender regard for her lover, would not join in so secret a command, but actually held a private conference upon the subject; the event of which was, that they would act in concert, and endeavour to attack the Lady's blind side: as the party they had to deal with most firmly believed, and constantly supported the terrific idea of spectres, apparitions, and the marvellous, our lovers chose that principle for the point of action; consequently Miss caused the doors to be opened, and made various alarming noises, the whole of which she made her aunt conceive to be ominous of some dreadful event. Things being thus prepared, the Lieutenant, a few nights since, furnished with phosphorus, a sheet, and other concomitants, assumed the appearance of the shade of the old lady's departed husband; on tapping gently at her chamber door he was admitted by the attendant, who, agreeable to her instructions, instantly fainted, and fell with terror; our ghost then drew towards the foot of the Lady's bed, and in a tone of solemn dignity, informed her that he came from unknown regions to warn her of approaching death, which would take place in fourteen days; at the same time, if she valued the repose of her soul hereafter, she would not fail to unite her niece to the man she loved, to detest gold as the root of all evil, and to prepare for the fate that awaited her; having done the business, he vanished, and left the victim of imposition in a situation of terror and dismay beyond expression. Immediately on her recovery, Miss was sent for, to whom she related, in the most pathetic manner, the dismal scene, pronouncing it a warning from *Heaven* which she could not fail to take notice of; accordingly a Solicitor was sent for, and her worldly affairs were settled much to the satisfaction of her niece, who, by the farther request of her aunt, was to loose no time in proceeding to the Altar with the man of her affection, that the old Lady might see the consummation before she daparted this transitory life.—The couple consequently were married, and have set out for Bath, leaving the old Lady, a lasting monument of folly, with the Bible constantly on her knee, waiting patiently for the hour of her dissolution.

ANCIENT

ANCIENT PASTIMES OF THE LONDONERS.

In June, July, and August.—From Strutt's Ancient Sports.

IN the months of June and July, on the vigils or festival days, and on the same festival days in the evenings, after the sun setting, there were usually made bonfires in the streets, every man bestowing wood or labour towards them; the wealthier sort also, before their doors, and near to the said bonefires, would set out tables on the vigils furnished with sweet bread and good drink, and on the festival days with meats and drink plentifully, whereunto they would invite their neighbours and passengers also to sit, and be merry with them in great familiarity, praising God for his benefits bestowed on them. These were called bonfires, as well of good amity amongst neighbours, that, being before at controversy, were there, by the labour of others, reconciled; and made, of bitter enemies, loving friends: as also for the virtue that a great fire hath to purge the infection of the air. On the vigils of St. John the Baptist, and of St. Peter, and St. Paul, the Apostles, besides the standing watches all in bright harness, in every ward and street of this city, there was also a marching watch, that passed through the principal streets thereof; the whole way ordered for this marching watch, extended to 3200 Taylors yards of assize, for the furniture whereof, with lights, there were appointed 700 Cressetes, 500 of them being found by the companies, the other 200 by the chamber of London; besides the which lights, every constable in London, in number more than 240, had his Cresset: the charge of every Cresset was, in light, two shillings and fourpence; and every Cresset had two men, one to bear or hold it, another to bear a bag with a light, and to serve it; so that the poor men pertaining to the Cressetes, taking wages, besides that every one had a straw hat, with a badge painted, and his breakfast, amounted in number about 2000. The marching watch consisted of 2000 men, part of them being old soldiers, of skill to be captains, lieutenants, serjeants, corporals, wiflers, drummers, and fifers, standard and ensign bearers, sword players, trumpeters on horseback, demilances on great horses, gunners with hand guns, or half rakes, archers in coats of white fustian signed on the breast and back with the arms of the city, their bows bent in their hands, with sheaves of arrows by their sides, pikemen in bright corsets, Burganets, &c. Holbarders, like the Bilmen, with aprons and coats of mail, in great number, there were also dinners, pageantes, morris dancers, constables, the one half (which was 120 on St. John's eve, the other half on St. Peter's eve) in bright harness, some gilted, and every one a piece of scarlet thereupon, and his benchman following him, his minstrels before dim, and his Cresset light passing by him, the wayts of the city, the mayor's officers, for his guard before him, all in a livery of worsted, or say, jackquetes party coloured, the mayor himself well mounted on horseback, the sword bearer before him in armour, well mounted also, the mayor's footmen and the like torch bearers about him, bench-men upon great stirring horses following him. The sheriffs' watches came one after the other in like order, but not so large in number, as the mayor's; for, where the mayor had besides his giants, three pageantes, each of the sheriffs had besides their giants, but two pageantes, each their morris-dance, and one bench-man; their officers in jackets of worsted, or say, party coloured,

differing from the mayor's, and from each other, but having harnessed men a great many, &c.

This midsummer watch was thus accustomed, yearly, time out of mind, until the year 1539, the 31st of Henry the Eighth, in which year on the 8th of May, a great muster was made by the citizens, at the mile's end, all in bright harness, with coats of white silk or cloth, and chains of gold, in three great battles, to the number of 1500, which passed through London to Westminster, and so through the Sanctuary, and round about the park of St. James, and returned home through Oldbourne. King Henry then considering the great charges of the citizens for the furniture of this unusual muster, forbid the marching watch provided for, at Midsummer, for that year, which being once laid down, was not raised again till the year 1548, the second of Edward the First, Sir John Gresham, then being mayor, who caused the marching watch, both on the eve of St. John the Baptist, and of St. Peter the Apostle, to be revived and set forth, in as comely order as it had been accustomed, which watch was also beautified by the number of more than 300 demilances, and light horsemen, prepared by the citizens to be sent into Scotland for the rescue of the town of Hadington, and others kept by the Englishmen. Since this mayor's time, the like marching watch in this city hath not been used, though some attempts have been made thereunto, as in the year 1585, a book was drawn by a grave citizen, and by him dedicated to Sir Thomas Pullison, then lord mayor, and his brethren the aldermen, containing the manner and order of a marching watch in the city upon the evens accustomed, in commendation whereof (namely in time of peace to be used) he hath words to this effect. The artificers of sundry sorts were thereby well set at work, none but rich men charged: poor men helped: old soldiers, trumpeters, drummers, fifers, and ensign bearers, with such like men, meet for princes service kept in use, wherein the safety and defence of every common weal consisteth. Armour and weapon being yearly occupied in this wise, the citizens had of their own readily prepared for any need, whereas by intermission hereof armourers are out of work, soldiers out of use, weapons overgrown with foulness, few or none good being provided.

In the month of August, about the feast of St. Bartholomew the Apostle, before the lord mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs of London, placed in a large tent near unto Clerkenwell, of old time were divers days spent in the pastime of wrestling, where the officers of the city, namely the sheriffs, serjeants, and yeomen, the porters of the king's beam or weigh-house, and others of the city were challengers of all men, in the suburbs to wrestle for games appointed, and on other days, before the said mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs, in Finsbury field, to shoot the standard, broad arrow, and flight, for games; but now of late years the wrestling is only practised on Bartholomew day in the afternoon, and the shooting some three or four days after, in one afternoon, and no more. What should I speak of the ancient daily exercises in the long bow by citizens of this city, now almost clean left of and forsaken. I over pass it: for, by the means of closing in the common grounds, our archers, for want of room to shoot abroad, creep into bowling allies, and ordinary dicing houses, nearer home, where they have room enough to hazard their money at unlawful games; where I leave them to take their pleasures.

THE

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Lauretta St. Orme	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Mrs. Sapling	Mrs. Mattocks.

THE scene of action lies in Herefordshire, Lieutenant St. Orme was married, many years before the opening of the Play, to the daughter of the late Sir Frederick Delauny, contrary to the wish of her father. Discarded by him, the Lady goes with her husband to America, where they live some time in comfort, but, owing to St. Orme's ill-state of health, fall into embarrassment and distress. Their daughter, Lauretta, in order to support her parents, goes upon the stage, and Mrs. St. Orme, with a hope of softening her father, returns to England, but finds him inflexible. He, however, keeps her in his house, deceives her into a belief that her husband has taken a mistress, and induces St. Orme to believe that his wife is insane, to account for her not returning to America, and to prevent him from following her. One of the letters which St. Orme sent to Sir Frederick, written upon a presumption that his wife was deranged in mind, earnestly entreats him to confine her. This passage, which is the effect of connubial solicitude, is cruelly misconstrued by Sir Frederick, who induces Mrs. St. Orme to consider it as the result of treacherous and barbarous infidelity on the part of her husband. At length St. Orme, anxious to behold his wife, returns to England, and demands a sight of her from her father, who refuses to let her husband see her, or know where she is confined. St. Orme in agony presents a pistol, and demands satisfaction. In the struggle that ensued, the pistol went off, and lodged its contents in Sir Frederick, who dies soon after. The only person present, on this melancholy occasion, is Lauretta. St. Orme is taken up and imprisoned, and, at the opening of the play, he is about to be tried for the murder of his father-in-law. Lauretta retires to a place of obscurity, in order to avoid the horrid necessity of giving evidence against her father. The prosecution is carried on by Sir Edward Delauny, the nephew of Sir Frederick, who has left him all his fortune on the death of Mrs. St. Orme. Sir Edward has placed Mrs. St. Orme under the care of Farmer Nightshade, a despicable minion of his purposes, and she is closely confined in his house. Henry Sapling, a spirited and amiable officer in the British Navy, is the particular friend of St. Orme, and, as the haunt of Lauretta had been discovered by the perseverence and vigilance of Sir Edward's agents, Henry procures her a male disguise, and recommends her as a servant to Nightshade. At the command of Nightshade, Lauretta sings a melancholy air, expressive of the unhappy state of her fortune. The sound reaches the ear of Mrs. St. Orme, whose exclamations in consequence engage the attention of her daughter, and the latter suddenly takes off the chain from the door and releases her. A tender interview ensues, but the farmer opposes their

their departure from his house. Henry Sapling again fortunately appears, and takes them away under his protection.—St. Orme is brought to trial, but, for want of a witness against him, is acquitted. He instantly hastens to Sir Edward's to demand his wife. The latter rejects his entreaties. Mrs. St. Orme, is, indeed, averse to see her husband, being prepossessed against him by the false charges of her late father. Lauretta, in order to raise compunction in the mind of Sir Edward, has a painting of a vestal Virgin buried alive, illuminated, as it bears some resemblance to the state to which he had doomed her mother. Sir Edward, with much agitation, but at length with hardened impenitence, resists the appeal of the picture, and at last Mrs. St Orme rushes into the room, and Sir Edward then gives way to feelings of contrition, resolves to surrender all the hereditary property to her, and relieves the feelings of St. Orme, by assuring him, that Sir Frederick died a natural death.

Such is the melancholy part of this play. There is another plot relative to Mr. and Mrs. Sapling. The former had been a simple Country Squire, but is *finished*, as he terms it, into a fashionable Gentleman, by his wife, who encourages the visits of Mr. Privilege, a man who lives by what wits he possesses, and by the aid of a few trifling but *fashionable* talents, is able to procure a *fashionable* subsistence. The wife intends to let Privilege marry her husband's ward, Honoria, and Sapling assents to this disposal of her hand. Honoria, however, is attached to the generous Henry Sapling, the Nephew of her Guardian. Henry is also much attached to her, but is connected with a pretended woman of quality, Lady Sensitive, who is in fact a rapacious woman of the town. The audience only hear of Lady Sensitive, as they only hear of Mrs. Grundy, in Speed the Plough. But the great Agent of the Piece, by whose *Delays and Blunders* most of the events are promoted and retarded, is Postpone, an attorney, a man who is supposed to be divided between business and pleasure, and who, by the slightest call of the latter, is induced to neglect the most important concerns. After a multiplicity of ludicrous incidents, which we will not venture to describe, Privilege is defeated in his attempts to obtain Honoria by artifice: Henry's Mistress, Lady Sensitive, who, he thought, was dying with grief on account of his absence, goes off with an Irish Officer; and Henry and Honoria, with the consent of her Guardian, are to have all their virtues rewarded in marriage.

The Comedy is a medley of the mournful and the ludicrous. It is, in fact, a *melancholy Novel*, blended with a *whimsical Farce*; and if we can admit that such an odd compound is fit for the Stage, it must be acknowledged that he has mingled them together with no small effect. But if his melancholy scenes do not much interest the affections, those of the sportive kind exercise the risible muscles.

The Piece was very well received on the whole, and very few marks of disapprobation occurred.

Very little can be said in favour of the Prologue or Epilogue.

Mr Lewis was received with bursts of applause, being his first appearance since his illness.

This piece, on the second representation, underwent several judicious alterations; several low phrases and broad attempts at *double entendre* were struck out, together with the whole character of Lord Orlando De Courcy. He was represented

sented as a foppish mannikin, who, having neither merit nor connection with the plot, was found, upon trial, to be a mere excrescence. A considerable alteration also took place in the dresses, particularly those of Mrs. Litchfield, and Mr. Munden, in Mrs. St. Orme, and Old Saplin. The latter laid aside his nankeen pantaloons, and, in the room of a Brutus wig, sported a powdered crop. The good humour of the audience made it visible they felt these improvements. And whatever rigid critics may say of the general defect of interest in the piece, its bustle, its variety, its lively transitions, and the ludicrous contrast of several of its situations, may for a long time give it a considerable degree of credit with the public in general. Still it must be understood, that the features we have just alluded to, derive no small share of their merit from the truly comic powers of Munden, Simmons, and Emery. Besides, the morality it contains is doubly pertinent, because the design of each portion as a precept, is happily expressed with a degree of pleasantry.

As for the Epilogue, which was curtailed on the second night, and entirely omitted on the third, its insipidity was astonishing; and, towards the close of it, the last time it was recited, a wag in the gallery gave such a natural imitation of the braying of an ass, that Mrs. Mattocks was literally driven from the stage, and the whole house convulsed with peals of laughter. This circumstance also gave rise to the following Epigram:

The Critic Asses now forsake the Pit,
And, high above, among the gods they sit;
No longer they their first applauses smother,
But, braying, greet the writings of a brother.

MR. FOOT.

THE NEW HAMLET.

MR. FOOT, son of Jesse Foot, Esq. an eminent surgeon, made his first appearance in the character of Hamlet, on Friday evening, November 12, at Drury-lane Theatre.—That his merits may in some measure be judged of, we give two accounts of his first *essay*; and from which may be formed a tolerable opinion of the young man, and his *pretensions* to public favour.

FIRST ACCOUNT.

Written immediately after the Performance.

DRURY-LANE.

A Gentleman of the name of Foot made his first appearance here last night, in the character of *Hamlet*. It is impossible not to feel a considerable interest for a person undertaking so hard a task under so many disadvantages. He is to encounter not only the embarrassments of a first essay, but he has also to meet an audience familiar to all the beauties with which the character abounds; a character too, requiring as great an assemblage of powers, as perhaps any other known to the stage. In such an arduous undertaking, it would be unreasonable to expect complete success. Though it may not be a faultless *Hamlet*, if the beauties outweigh the defects, and the actor displays such a portion of talent as the superior walk of tragedy demands, he does as much as can be fairly expected, and fully justifies himself against any charge of vanity or presumption. Measuring Mr. Foot by this standard, we may congratulate him upon his success. His voice is pleasing, and well modulated. Its lowest tones were distinctly audible

dible in the remotest parts of the house: as such, it was well adapted to the pensive and melancholy sentiments which prevail so much in the character—He possesses also a good manly person, about the middle-size; and, though his action was in the early scenes too quick and varied for the solemn dignity of *Hamlet*, and frequently ill-suited to the word, this fault wore gradually away as he became more composed, more master of his powers, and more conversant with his situation. His enunciation is not merely correct, and free from any provincial taint, but may lay claim to polished elegance, and he does not appear to have contracted any bad habits. There are very few marked passages in which he did not command applause from every part of the house, but he was most successful in the scene with his mother, and in the dying scene. It must be also admitted in his favour, that not only his action, but his declamation, improved with the progress of the piece. The only serious defect he seems to be liable to, is want of strength in his voice, or rather want of skill in managing it. In the great bursts of passion, he had not adequate force of nature; and, as he strained every nerve to supply the deficiency, he was more noisy and ranting than energetic and impressive.—His transitions, from the melancholy to the violent, were also occasionally ill-timed; but this is a fault, which maturer judgment, and a more intimate knowledge of his author will remove. Considering then Mr. Foot as a good subject for the stage, and it is scarcely fair to carry criticism farther in a first essay, we may pronounce him a valuable acquisition. This praise, however, must appear cold, when compared with his reception; than which, we never witnessed one more flattering. Three distinct rounds of applause followed his dying scene. Mr. Foot is apparently about thirty years of age; and, in his cast of features, and many tones of his voice, he very much resembles Henry Johnston. C. Kemble acquitted himself with spirit in *Laertes*; and the interesting simplicity of Mrs Jordan, accompanied with her wild melodious tones in *Ophelia*, enraptured the audience. The piece, aided by the novelty of Mr. Foot, was uncommonly attractive. The House overflowed long before half price.

SECOND ACCOUNT.

Mr. Kemble may now be compared to Ulysses wandering far from Ithaca. The *public favour*, to which he has been long wedded, there are many that wish to seize upon; and that suitor would certainly succeed who could *bend his bow*, or equal him in the character of *Hamlet*. In all likelihood, he will be received when he returns, as the unrivalled King of the Stage. The pretender of last night was not sufficient for the trial imposed upon him, and unless he has some strength which he has not yet brought into action, he must resign the rich prize to which he had aspired. Mr. Foot has very great merit, but to succeed in such an attempt falls to the lot of only one man in an age. The most extraordinary natural qualifications are necessary—quick feelings, deep penetration, delicacy of sentiment, exquisite sensibility, a mind tending to melancholy, yet warm, generous, and open, capable of being roused with indignation, and of planning revenge. To these must be joined an elegant and interesting figure; a countenance on which every emotion that arises in the breast, whether of tenderness or of horror, may be instantly

instantly discovered; a manner at once unaffected and careless, polished and dignified; and a powerful voice, capable of the most plaintive, the most contemptuous, and the most resentful tones. Mr. Foot's stature is not low, but he has about him nothing of the Prince; he should have taken a few lessons from some dancing master, who teaches grown up gentleman, as his gait is hobbling, his bow is clownish, and his attitudes grotesque; he has a pleasant enough voice, but for a house of such extent it is much too feeble. When he made any extraordinary pulmonic exertions, he screamed like a lady in hysterics. Without descending to farther particulars, it will be evident that Mr. Foot's *Hamlet*, must have been a very imperfect performance; its chief fault was want of energy. *Hamlet*, although parading the stage, sometimes almost entirely escaped from our notice, and we conceived the hero to be *Rosencrantz* or *Guildenstern*. Mr. Foot, however, gave proof of abilities, that, with cultivation, will render him fit for inferior parts of the drama. He shewed a thorough knowledge of his author. He was not only complete master of the text, but he had evidently studied the part with great diligence and success. He knew the meaning of every particular sentence, and entered with great truth into the feelings of the hero, in all the various situations in which he is placed. An air of melancholy overspread his face, and his gaiety was still the gaiety of a man weighed down by incurable grief. This last is a matter of extreme difficulty. There is no doubt that when anguish is preying upon the vitals, an appearance may be assumed of unconcern, or of levity: but the joke that is uttered will appear to be forced, and the smile that accompanies it, though seemingly playful, will have a mixture of bitterness. For an evident reason, we shall not enumerate the scenes where Mr. F. was particularly feeble, tame, and insignificant. For the same reason, we shall say nothing of his soliloquies. His address to the *Ghost* would have been in a good stile if he had turned out his toes a little more, and had not distorted his body quite so much. We believe that it would be much better to display the natural symptoms of horror here, instead of *falling into an attitude*. KEMBLE is against us; but we have with us the authority of VIRGIL. When ÆNEAS saw his wife's ghost, and afterwards his father's, we do not hear that he extended his arms, placed his legs at a great distance from each other, and leaned forward his head. He says both times—

Obstupui, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.

It has happened to most people probably in their younger days to have thought that they saw something supernatural; and they will probably recollect that, instead of trying to shew off their persons to advantage, that they shrunk with terror, and that the blood, all running to the heart, the limbs would scarcely perform their ordinary offices. Mr. F.'s exultation upon the success of his plan for detecting the King's guilt, by means of the play, deserves high commendation, and his acting in the closet scene would have disgraced very few men now upon the stage. Here he had reached his meridian, for he sensibly declined all the way to the end of the Piece. We have seldom seen the audience so factiously inclined as last night. Many were for extolling the *debutant* as a prodigy of theatrical genius, while others treated him as an impudent adventurer. We are happy to say, that the hisses were in general drowned

drowned amidst peals of applause; and that, on the dropping of the curtain, Mr. F.'s friends gained a complete victory. At the same time, if his theatrical motto is *aut Cæsar aut nihil*, we cannot advise him to follow the stage as a profession. It must prove to him a constant source of chagrin, mortification, and disgust; though, should he be contented with secondary rank, and secondary reputation, he may safely go on. Upon the whole, if it be true, as we have heard, that he is an adept in medicine, we think he might employ his time more profitably, than in committing murder upon the stage.

The fair *Ophelia* was represented by Mrs. JORDAN, and was of course rendered inconceivably interesting. This astonishing woman has as complete a command over our sympathetic feelings as over our propensities to mirth. To have looked upon her, when she entered in the fourth act, was enough to make any one cry; and when she sung, her plaintive tones were irresistibly moving.

The other parts were adequately sustained by their established representatives.

The house was crowded to the ceiling.

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

Covent-Garden, Saturday Nov. 13.

THIS new afterpiece, in two acts, is said to be a translation by Mr. Holcroft, from the French, of which, in its manner and construction, it bears evident marks. The scene is laid in Savoy, and opens with a view of *Malvoglio*, a nobleman, giving orders for *Francisco*, his inmate, to leave the palace, in order to make room for the retinue of *Count Romaldi*, who comes to demand his niece, *Selina*, in marriage for his son. *Francisco* is a poor dumb stranger, who had been found in the neighbourhood of the castle, weltering in his blood, and speechless, his tongue having been cut out by assassins.—The house-keeper of *Malvoglio*, and his niece *Selina*, feel a lively concern for *Francisco*, and intercede for his stay at the Castle. This induces *Malvoglio* to inquire more minutely into the stranger's story; but the latter refuses, in writing, to make known his name or that of his enemies, for the sake of saving his family from disgrace. This is the source of the mystery which gives name to the piece, and of the interest of the plot. *Romaldi* now arrives to claim *Selina* for his son, and appears confounded at sight of *Francisco*, who, on his part, betrays the greatest emotion. *Romaldi* uses his influence to have *Francisco* turned away, but failing in this attempt, he conspires with his servant to murder him in his sleep. *Selina* overhears their plan, and having put *Francisco* on his guard, she alarms the family, who surprize the two assassins in the act of overcoming, and proceeding to murder *Francisco* in his chamber.—*Malvoglio*, confounded by such atrocious guilt, desires *Romaldi* to quit his house, and determines to bestow the hand of *Selina* upon his own son, with whom she is in love. This constitutes the business of the first act. The second opens with a *fête champêtre*, in honour of the nuptials of *Selina*, in which Master Byrne dances a *pas seul*, and there is some good figure-dancing, by Mrs. Wybrow, Mr. Byrne, and Mr. Bologna. By this time it is discovered that *Romaldi* is the brother, and enemy of *Francisco*, whom he sought to murder, in order to obtain possession of his estate, and wife, the mother of *Selina*.

lina. He flies from the officers of justice, and being overtaken, a combat ensues, in which he falls, and at this moment, *Francisco* arrives, too late to save his wicked brother, but just in time to forgive and embrace him before he dies. This plot, and the sentiment with which it is clothed, are, with very little exception, of the gloomiest hue; and, if interwoven with a sprightly story, would have made an excellent serio comic play, in the style and fashion of our modern Comedies. The author, or more properly the adapter, not aspiring so high, has restrained it to an after-piece, accompanied with some extraneous embellishments. These consist of an overture by Dr. Busby, a chaste and elegant combination of sweet sounds, unvitiated by the too prevalent introduction of drums, trumpets, and cymbals; and of some sweet and pensive melodies in aid of the pantomimical part of the dumb *Francisco*, and well suited to the melancholy of his mind, with the addition of the dance in the second act, and some pretty simple rural scenery. Upon the strength of these additions, the piece has been announced under the title of a *Melo Drame*, or medley of acting, dancing, music, and pantomime; but if we consider how much the *spectacle* prevails in all modern productions, there are few of them, whether tragedy or comedy, that have not as fair a claim to the title. There is, in fact, no embellishment or variety in it, which, at the present day, might not have been expected in a piece of more simple name and promise. In this view then, the description so studiously given of the piece, though it may be critically correct, is not judicious; as, by pointing the mind to what the thing is not, we become dissatisfied with what it is. With the exception of one scene, the piece is uniformly of the most serious cast, and there is no single circumstance that does not warrant the idea held out in the definition. This, however, is not meant as any objection to the merit of the piece. That which must be considered the best test of merit, the performance evinced in a considerable degree; we mean interest. That *Francisco* should patiently endure such cruel wrongs, rather than expose his brother, may be a possible stretch of family pride and fraternal affection; but that he should not be known by his daughter, or his brother-in-law, is not a probable case. To this, and some similar objections, the piece is fairly liable, but still it fixes the attention; it interests, it entertains, and it is ungrateful to find fault with the means of pleasing when we must admit that we are pleased. Mrs. Gibbs gave much interest to *Selina*. Mr. H. Johnston looked and frowned the assasin *Romaldi* with full effect, and Mr Farley's manner and action were natural and expressive in the part of *Francisco*. Mr. Murray played with spirit and feeling in *Malvoglio*, and the officious housekeeper, presuming upon her past services, was rendered very diverting by the comic address of Mrs. Mattocks. The language is good, and the sentiment pure; in addition to which, with good acting, the piece has to boast, as has been already stated, pleasing scenery, handsome decorations, good dancing, and some sweet music. It may therefore be easily conceived, that it went off with *eclat*, and is likely to prove a favourite. As such variety cannot be brought out complete on the first night, we may expect to see it improved, by reducing one or two scenes a little, and also by avoiding the absurdity of presenting *Romaldi* in full view of the officers of justice, without their taking any notice of him. Every part of the house was filled; and the attraction

attraction has been seldom greater, if we may judge by the anxiety expressed by those who were disappointed in places.

Of the overture in particular, and the music in general, the amateurs of music speak in terms which would justify the ideas of uncommon taste, skill, and exertion.

The procession of the Archers coming upon the stage to take *Count Romaldi* into custody, had a very grand effect.

Some few incidents complained of in the first representation, being judiciously omitted in the second, scarcely any doubt can remain that this interesting Tale of Mystery will have its full share of favour till the curiosity of the public shall be completely gratified.

THE

THEATRICAL AUTUMN MEETING

TOOK place the latter end of September, with a promised profusion of sport to the two celebrated Clubs who divide the district. Four horses of no small *notoriety* were entered for the APPROBATION CUP; upon each of which the public entertain so equal an opinion, that it is difficult, even with the best judges, to form any accurate idea which will be deemed the winner at the conclusion of the season.

MR. DWYER'S *Belcour*, although the pedigree is not authentically ascertained, shews much *blood*, and promises to make a good runner, if his *bottom* can hereafter be depended upon. He has long been in *regular training*, and has every appearance of being in *good condition*; it is, however, observed in *his exercise*, he breaks away with too much impetuosity, by which volatility of temper, he is sometimes *out of wind*, and becomes a little *heavy in hand*; when divested of which, and placed by practice more upon *his haunches*, there is little doubt but he will prove a CAPITAL RUNNER for large stakes, having already been known as a good plate-horse in the country.

MR. CHERRY'S *Sir Benjamin* is a horse, or rather a galloway, of a *quick stroke*, and commanding powers; what he is in want of *in height*, is amply compensated for by a *neatness* in *action*. He is a horse of such admirable temper, that he can be instantly influenced to *dwell upon hand* and *slacken* his *stroke*, or go off suddenly *at score*, dependent entirely upon the will of his RIDER. He has given such proofs of *speed*, *blood*, and *bottom*, that no fears are entertained of his not running in a very handsome form.

MR COLLINS'S *Robin Roughead*, is a horse of great strength, brought within a small compass; with no striking external appearance of *blood*. His pedigree is well authenticated, having been got by COUNTRYMAN, out of *Creeping Molly*. He was bred in the environs of the New Forest, and carries with him a distinguishing and local trait of his birth, being rather *short* in his *fore-hand*, but well made in his shoulders; he goes up *his gallops* with great ease, and in high form, the turf connossieurs venturing to affirm he will prove an excellent runner.

MR. KEMBLE'S *Falstaff*, is a horse like the late famous HIGHFLYER, of great size, strength, and near seventeen hands high; he was got by *Collossus* out of *Gianteſs*, and is calculated more for KINGS PLATES and WELTER STAKES, than for *light* or *catch* weights. He is a horse of great size, but easy in action, and goes lightly over the ground; although, with the training grooms, his commanding powers gain

gain him admirers, yet it is admitted, that, being only calculated for heavy weights, he is better adapted to a deep country, where he stands engaged in different stakes, and where he is also a confirmed favourite.

The FILLY STAKES carrying *weight* for *age*, threaten to be strongly contested, *three* having entered with very promising pretensions.

MISS MARRIOT'S *Clarinda*, is a beautiful well formed filly, with a commanding forehand and well made chest; she is deep in the girth, close in the quarters, clean upon her legs, and takes *her sweats* with the greatest ease. She is evidently possessed of much *speed*, and should she at any time unfortunately *break down in training*, is admirably calculated to *breed from*.

MISS REEVE and MISS WADDY, have likewise each a filly; equally promising in regular exercise, who go up *their gallops* with an easy and firm stroke; but having been a very short time upon THE TURF, and had only a *few sweats*, it is impossible to say how they may stand their training.

MR. HARDINGE, from Philadelphia, has challenged MR. JOHNSTON'S *Major O'Flaherty* for the WHIP; and MR. FOOT'S *Hamlet* is in training, and has gone up his first public trial as a candidate for the ANNUAL CUP.

ANOTHER

IMPROVEMENT IN DRIVING CARRIAGES.

VERY lately a Mr. Leith projected an appendage to a chaise which was to disengage the horses and harness from it in case of their taking fright, almost with a touch, and for which he obtained a patent. At present a Mr. Roberts of Portsmouth comes forward with a contrivance to disengage the horses from the carriage almost instantaneously, *without their harness*; either entirely, or so as to be retained only by the head; and at the same time, enabling either the driver, or a person in the inside or behind, to block the hinder wheels, or to direct the course of the carriage.

AN

ACTION ON THE GAME LAWS

MOTION FOR A NEW TRIAL.

Court of King's Bench, November 10.

STEVENS *v.* WHISTER.

THIS was an action for the defendant's keeping a gun for the destruction of game, and for having killed game, viz. two partridges, he not being qualified by law to kill game.

It appeared at the trial, that one John Hicks saw the defendant out in the fields, one day in January last, with a gun, under a hedge, in which fields there was no footpath. On the 16th of January, the witness saw the defendant shoot something on the ground. At another time, he saw two partridges sit, and the defendant shot through a hedge at them, and when the defendant saw the witness, he ran away, on which the witness said to him, it was of no use for him, as he had killed them. The witness then went to the spot where the partridges were lying, and picked them up. He had known the defendant for ten years. He saw the defendant out for three days following.

Another witness, of the name of T. Hughes, swore, that on the 17th of January last, he served the defendant with notice in this action; and he asked the cause of the action.

tion. The witness said he did not know; on which the defendant said, "I will tell you, this is all for shooting two birds." The plaintiff had intended to bring this case forward at the Quarter Sessions, but observed, that a gentleman was to sit there, who was the friend of the defendant, and therefore he would not bring it forward there: upon which the defendant said, "he thought he had as good a right to shoot birds as any man in the parish, as he had done it often before."

An *alibi* was attempted to be proved on the part of the defendant; but the jury believed the evidence given on the part of the plaintiff, by Hicks, the first witness, and Hughes, the sherriff's officer, who served the defendant with notice; and therefore a verdict was found for the plaintiff, for the penalty specified by the statute.

A motion was now made, on behalf of the defendant, for a rule to shew cause why there should not be a new trial, on the ground that the case, on the part of the plaintiff, was supported by perjury; in support of which motion, there was an affidavit, made by a person who had been servant of the defendant, and who had left him soon after the time of killing these birds, and was not heard of in that neighbourhood until the August following. He swore, most positively, that he was the person who shot the very partridges in question, and he came forward to say so the moment he heard that his old master had a trial for doing it.

Another witness swore that he was present when Hughes, the sherriff's officer, served the defendant with notice in the action, and that he did not hear any such conversation as Hughes stated to have past between him and the defendant on the subject of shooting the partridges; upon which it was contended, that there ought to be a new trial, for, that the testimony of the sheriff's officer was a surprize upon the defendant; and, if he had been aware the sheriff's officer would have given such evidence, they would have brought forward for the defendant this witness to contradict him. It was urged, that if the court should not grant a new trial in this case, the defendant would be driven to prosecute the plaintiff's witnesses for perjury, a course he did not wish to pursue.

Lord Ellenborough said, the witness could not be under any mistake as to the person of the defendant in this case, having seen him three successive days. In this case there must be perjury on one side or the other; but it would be infinitely dangerous in its probable consequences, if a convicted man was to be indulged with a new trial, merely because he had found a servant to take upon him the delinquency; especially when he knew the time was elapsed within which any penal consequences could legally attach; for then it was only assuming guilt when there was no risque in it, which was the case here. For which reason Mr. Milles, who moved for the new trial, took nothing for his motion.

Curious Observations on the Dipping of the Martins.

MR. EDITOR,

I Know not whether the following observations concerning the martins, *hirundo rustica*, will be of service in proving any facts relative to their migration: but not being an adept in the subject, and not being inclined to any particular system, I beg leave to offer them to the naturalist. On the 25th of October, I observed the *hirundo rustica* to leave the town of N———, and at

at one o'clock of the same day there were but a few stragglers left. But happening to take a walk in the afternoon to the south of the town, I observed thousands collected on the trees in Mr. M———'s park, bordering on a fish-pond. There were a great many flying about, and especially over the water; and at every instant numbers would dip under, and would even go some way before they came up. So various were their evolutions, and so rapid their motions, that it was very difficult to follow one that went in and out again. As soon as they had dipped, they retired to the neighbouring trees to dry themselves; and a tree which was decayed, and had no leaves, was wholly covered. I am convinced, that one who pleaded for their retiring under water during the winter season, might have been easily deceived; but it appeared to me that they were cleansing themselves from the filth they had contracted, in order to lighten themselves for their long and dangerous journey. On the 26th they all went away, and the water, which the evening before was a scene of confusion, was now silent.

J. E. B.

INSTINCT OF BIRDS, &c.

From the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for producing useful knowledge.

FROM the last volume of the Transactions of this Society, which ought to have been noticed at a much earlier period, we can now only select a few articles to lay before the reader.

NATURAL HISTORY.

In Dr. BARTON's memoir concerning the fascinating faculty which has hitherto been ascribed to the rattle-snake, and other American serpents, it is proved by a variety of facts, that the motions of birds, which have been attributed to a fascinating power in the eyes of serpents, are, in reality, calculated to drive away the reptiles from the birds' young, or to divert their attention from the nest.

The author tells us that the rattle-snake is not a hardy animal; that a very slight stroke on any part of its body disables it from running at all; and the slightest blow on the top of the head is followed by instant death. The skull-bone is remarkably thin and brittle; so much so indeed, that it is thought a stroke from the wing of a thrush, or even of a robin, would be sufficient to break it. The substance of this memoir is confirmed in another paper by M. DE BEAUVOIS, who asserts also, from his own observation, that the young rattle-snakes conceal themselves in the belly of the female at the approach of danger, into which they enter by the mouth.

We have a very curious account of the remarkable instinct of a bird called the *nine-killer*, by Mr HECKWALDER. It appears that this bird-hawk, as it is called by some persons, catches grasshoppers, and sticks them on the sharp thorny bushes or trees, as baits for other smaller birds, on which the nine-eater lives. It is asserted by the common people, that the nine-eater practises the catching and sticking-up nine grasshoppers a-day; and, as they know it does not live on insects, they believe it must employ itself in this manner for its amusement. Some naturalists, among whom is Mr. Heckwalder, have taken pains to watch the progress of the business; and there seems little reason to doubt, that the grasshoppers, which are always placed in

in their natural position, are stuck as baits for the animals which serve for the nine-eater's food.

In a very interesting paper, by THOMAS JEFFERSON, Esq. we have strong, if not satisfactory, evidence of the existence of an animal similar to the lion, only more than three times as large, in North America.

BOXING MATCH.

MONDAY, November 15, afforded a high treat to the lovers of the pugilistic art: a match having been made a few days before between Patrick O'Donnell, an Irishman, who beat Pardoe Wilson in September last, [See our last Magazine, page 15,] and one Smith, a boot-closer. The parties proceeded, about noon, to Wormwood Scrubs, the same spot where O Donnel won the last battle, situated on the Paddington canal, about a mile on the other side Shepherd's Bush; where, being attended by their seconds and bottle-holders, the combatants took their ground. Difficulties in the way of forming a ring, in consequence of the great pressure of the crowd, a great part of whom, from not being men of science, were ignorant of the rules observed on such occasions, rendered it necessary to call in the aid of Caleb, the lad who won the second battle at Hurley-bottom last year. From his resolute conduct, and the frequent exercise of his whip, a large ring was formed. The hackney coaches, gigs, and carts, formed the outer barrier; the inner circle was composed, as usual, of pedestrians. They were kept back by a circle of those who sat on the grass. A few minutes after two the battle commenced:—

First Round—Much sparring. O'Donnel struck Smith with his right hand a severe blow under the left eye. It was thrown in straight forward. Smith aimed a blow at O'Donnell's head, which the latter caught with his hand, and again struck Smith on the side of the head: they closed and fell, Smith under.

Second Round—Much sparring. Two blows struck by Smith, but neither of consequence: closed and fell, Smith under.

Third Round — O'Donnell received a severe blow from Smith. O'Donnell fell.

Fourth Round—Much shifting, but little sparring. O'Donnell, in retreating, being fiercely pursued by Smith, evinced much science in this round; he struck Smith several severe blows on the head and ribs. Smith, before he fell, threw a hard blow in the face of O'Donnel.

Fifth Round — Smith struck O'Donnell on the left jaw. Several hard blows were struck on both sides. A fierce round: O'Donnell fell. No odds at present.

Sixth Round—O'Donnell struck Smith a right-handed severe blow on the head, when the latter was off his guard; he quickly recovered. This was a very severe round. They closed and fell, Smith under. —O'Donnell appeared weak, and nearly exhausted. Bets were now five to four in favour of Smith.

Seventh Round—A hard round; three very clean blows were thrown in by Smith; O'Donnell closed on Smith; they fell, Smith under.

Eigth Round—Hard fighting, but much shifting by O'Donnell; closed and fell, O'Donnell under. Bets continued the same, five to four on Smith.

Ninth Round—Some hard hitting in favour of O'Donnell; Smith, in attempting a blow, slipped and fell.

Tenth Round—O'Donnell's courage began to revive; he smiled, pointed

pointed his finger at his antagonist in ridicule; Smith threw in some hard blows; they closed, and O'Donnell fell under. Bets were now two to one on Smith.

Eleventh Round—Much sparring and shifting, before any blows were struck. They closed, and O'Donnell gave Smith a cross-buttock; or, more properly speaking, one of the falls Belcher usually gave Bourke.

Twelfth Round—O'Donnell recovers; hard hitting on both sides. They closed. Smith fell under; but still the bets were in favour of the latter, six to four.

Thirteenth Round—Smith struck O'Donnell two hard blows, one in the face, the other in the pit of the stomach; the latter staggered, and fell. In this fall, Smith attempted to give O'Donnell a cross-buttock, but did not succeed.

Fourteenth Round—Hard blows on both sides. Smith fell. This round was in favour of O'Donnell.

Sixteenth Round—Much sparring, and shifting. Smith fell; but he had the best of this round.

Seventeenth Round — Smith retreated, and his foot slipping, he fell; no blows struck.

Eighteenth Round — Short round in favour of O'Donnell. Smith fell.

Nineteenth Round—Hard blows: a little in favour of Smith; he threw in a severe blow with his right hand, which struck O'Donnell on the left side of the head. They closed, and Smith fell under.

Twentieth Round—Smith had the worst of this round; a dreadful fall. O'Donnell fell upon him.

Twenty-first Round—Hard hitting on both sides. Smith fell. Even betting.

Twenty-second Round — O'Donnell struck Smith a violent blow on the side of the head. Smith slipped, and fell. Neither of the combatants appeared outwardly hurt, except Smith, who had a black eye, which he received the first round.

Twenty-third Round—Much sparring, and shifting. Smith down again. The bettings were now in favour of O'Donnell.

Twenty-fourth Round — Hard blows on both sides. This round was in favour of Smith. O'Donnell missing a blow, fell forward, and pitched on his head.

Twenty-fifth Round—O'Donnell knocked Smith down, after much shifting, on both sides. O'Donnell was very active in this round.

Twenty-sixth Round—A few hard blows about the ribs were thrown in by Smith. O'Donnell fell.

Twenty-seventh Round—This was by far the best round. Much science was displayed on both sides. The blows were in favour of Smith, but he fell under.

Twenty-eighth Round—This round was equal to the last. O'Donnell's blows were all directed to the ribs of his opponent; those of Smith to the head. They closed, Smith again fell under, but he had evidently the advantage.

Twenty-ninth Round—This round O'Donnell was the best off. Smith fell. Bets five to four on O'Donnell.

Thirty-third Round — O'Donnell had more decidedly the advantage in this round than any other; he threw in several blows into Smith's ribs on the left side. The latter in retreating received a blow in the face, which knocked him down.

Thirty-fourth Round—Smith fell down.

Thirty-fifth Round—Smith fell; a knock down blow. Bets six to four on O'Donnell.

Thirty-sixth Round—Some hard blows on both sides; Smith fell.

Thirty-seventh Round—Ditto.

Thirty-eighth Round—O'Donnell struck Smith in the pit of the stomach he fell, the blow winded him,

him, and it was supposed the battle was over. Smith, however, again appeared

Thirty-ninth Round—A short round; Smith fell after some hard blows. From this to the forty-fourth round, no particular blows were struck.

Forty-fourth Round—O'Donnell sprained the wrist of his right hand, and it was apprehended he would be obliged to give in, from having used that hand, principally, during the battle; after much sparring he struck Smith a violent blow with his left hand, and he fell.

Forty-fifth Round—Smith received another blow in the stomach, which may be said to have decided the match, as after this round he struck no blows of consequence.

The *Forty-eighth Round* decided the battle in favour of O'Donnell; Smith being desperate, and completely off his guard, received a knock-down blow, and gave in—The fight lasted one hour and twenty minutes

Much rejoicing took place among the Irish visitors: they threw up their hats, and flourished their sticks, in token of exultation, at their countryman's victory, over the friends of the vanquished hero.—He was carried in triumph from the field of battle in a hackney-coach; on the top of which were stationed many of his friends, who were regaling one another with sky-blue and whisky, whilst an old blind fidler played "*See the conquering Hero comes*"—In this form they proceeded to town, being greeted on their way by hundreds of the children of Erin, "who were ready to lick the dust from the chariot's wheels," so happy were they at the glorious triumph of their countryman; who, on this occasion, added another laurel to his escutcheon, it being the sixth battle he has fought, in every one of which he has been victorious.

The principal blows struck by O'Donnell were on the left ribs: that side of Smith, after the battle, appeared like a piece of raw beef. Neither of the Seconds were of any note. James Lenox was second to O'Donnell; and a man of the name of Anderson to Smith. The battle was for 20 guineas.

It is somewhat extraordinary, that there were some coach fulls of our *fashionable Belles* to see this famous battle. Amongst the spectators we noticed *Codey*, *Gamble*, *Wood*, *Berks*, and *Belcher*, all famous at the fist. *Belcher* sat on the top of a coach all the time.

THE

BEAUTY OF BUTTERMERE,

AND THE PRETENDED HON. ALEXANDER HOPE.

ON the 2d of October a gentleman, calling himself Alexander Augustus Hope, Member for Linlithgowshire, and brother to the Earl of Hopetoun, was married at the church of Lorton, near Keswick, to a young woman, celebrated by the tourists, under the name of *The Beauty of Buttermere*. To beauty, however, in the strict sense of the word, she has small pretensions, for she is rather gap toothed, and somewhat pock fretten. But her face is very expressive, and the expression extremely interesting; and her figure and movements are graceful to a miracle. She ought indeed to have been called the Grace of Buttermere, rather than the Beauty. She is the daughter of an old couple, named Robinson, who keep a poor little pot-house at the foot of the small lake of Buttermere, at the sign of the Char, and has been all her life the attendant and waiter, for they have no servant. She is now about thirty,

thirty, and has long attracted the notice of every visitor by her exquisite elegance, and the becoming manner in which she is used to fillet her beautiful long hair; likewise by the uncommonly fine Italian hand-writing in which the little bill was drawn out. Added to this, she has ever maintained an irreproachable character; is a good daughter, and a modest, sensible, and observant woman. That such a woman should find a husband in a man of rank and fortune, so very far above her sphere of life, is not very extraordinary; but there are other circumstances which add much to the interest of the story. Above two months ago, Mr. Hope went to Buttermere upon a fishing expedition, in his own carriage, but without any servants, and took up his abode at the house kept by the father of the Beauty of Buttermere; in the neighbourhood of which he was called the Honourable Charles Hope, Member for Dumfries.—Here he paid his addresses to a Lady of youth, beauty, and good fortune, and obtained her consent. The wedding clothes were bought, and the day fixed for their marriage, when he feigned a pretence for absence, and married the Beauty of Buttermere. The mistake in the name, the want of an establishment suited to his rank, and the circumstance of his attaching himself to a young lady of fortune, had excited much suspicion, and many began to consider him an impostor. His marriage, however, with a poor girl without money, family, or expectations, has weakened the suspicions entertained to his disadvantage; but the interest which the good people of Keswick take in the welfare of the Beauty of Buttermere, has not yet suffered them to entirely subside; and they await, with anxiety, the moment when they shall receive decisive proofs that the bridegroom is the real person whom he describes himself to be. The circumstances of his marriage are sufficient to satisfy us that he is no impostor, and, therefore, we may venture to congratulate the Beauty of Buttermere upon her good fortune. The Hon. Alexander Hope, the Member for Linlithgowshire, is a colonel in the army, a lieutenant-colonel of the 14th regiment of Foot, brother to the Earl of Hopetoun, and Lieutenant-governor of Edinburgh Castle.

In consequence of the foregoing appearing in the Morning Post and other papers, the following letters were sent to their respective editors:

SIR, *Chatham, Oct.* 12.

Having seen in your paper of yesterday, an account of a romantic marriage, supposed to be celebrated by the Hon. Col. Alexander Hope, with a young woman of inferior rank in life, at the church of Lorton, near Keswick, on the 2d inst. and at the conclusion of the account, you impress your readers with the idea of the authenticity of the marriage, I think it right to acquaint you that Col. Alex. Hope, the gentleman alluded to, has been abroad the whole summer; and, by very late accounts, was at Vienna. I must desire, therefore, you will contradict the said marriage in your next paper, and assert, that the person who called himself Col. Alexander Hope, must be an impostor.

Your's, &c. CHARLES HOPE.

The writer of the above we believe to be the Lord Advocate of Scotland. The following, on the like supposition, is from Dr. Gilles, Historiographer for Scotland.

MR. EDITOR,

Having read an account in your last paper, of an Imposter, pre-

tending to be the Hon. Col. Alexander Hope, having married a young woman of low birth, at Keswick, I write this to assure you that the respectable and gallant officer, whose name has been thus unwarrantably assumed, is actually in Germany; in which country he has been long, for the purpose of drinking the waters recommended in gun shot wounds. I am, your humble and obedient servant, JOHN GILLES.
Upper Seymour-street, Oct. 14.

A few days after the publication of the above letters, the following was received from Keswick.

Keswick, Oct. 15.

The following are the particulars of the novel of real life, the scene of which has unfortunately been laid among our mountains. The pretended Alexander Augustus Hope had not only paid his addresses to the young lady mentioned in your first account, and actually fixed the wedding day, but had likewise made two others of Keswick, one the daughter of the fisherman who used to be his companion in his fishing expeditions, believe him under an engagement of marriage to them. Including his unfortunate wife, he had paid serious addresses to four women at the same time, one of rank and fortune, and three of humble life. On the morning of his first departure from Keswick, for Scotland, and of his marriage at Lorton church, he transmitted to the gentleman, under whose protection the young lady at present is, a draft for 30l. on Mr. Crump, of Liverpool, requesting him to pay some small debts in Keswick, and return him the balance. This the gentleman immediately did, and sent him besides ten guineas, lest the pretended *honourable* should find himself short of cash When the news came to Kefwick, on the Saturday noon, Oct. 2, of his marriage, and suspicions, were of course instantly awakened, the draft was sent to Liverpool for acceptance; and it *was* accepted. In a few days the gentleman received a letter from Dumfries, we believe, and *franked*, of course, informing him of the marriage. In this letter, the pretended Honourable stated his purpose of returning within the time, which he had promised on his departure And accordingly, he did return to Buttermere, in a coach and four, at the beginning of this week. At this time, Mr. Judge Harding, who happened to be here, hearing that Colonel Hope was at Buttermere, and so romantically married, an old acquaintance of the Judge's, as it seems, sent over his servant, with a letter, requesting to see the colonel. The servant was introduced, and on seeing the man, instantly said, "Here is some mistake—this is not Colonel Hope."—The impostor took the letter, and replied, "'Tis not for me; it is for my brother Charles;" but sent word, that he should come to Keswick. And on Wednesday morning he came in his coach, but without his wife. He was, of course, interrogated by the Judge, who told him that he was not the person whose name he had assumed. He certainly denied that he had assumed it; he had said that his name was Hope, but not that he was the Hon. Member for Linlithgow, or Dumfries. He was contradicted by the aforementioned gentleman, who not only gave evidence that he had always spoken of himself as Lord Hopetoun's brother, but that he had franked his letters as such. The respectable and intelligent post-master of Keswick gave evidence to the same point. He was committed to our constable. While the examination was going forward, he made light of the business; drew

drew for another 20l on Liverpool, which was cashed for him by the landlord of the Queen's Head, and he sent to the gentleman the ten guineas which he had borrowed. To amuse himself, he chose to make a little sailing expedition on the Lake, which the constable did not think himself authorized to prevent. Accordingly, he went with his old friend, the fisherman: and all remained waiting for his return. Evening and the darkness came on; he did not return. But was guided by the fisherman through the Gorge of Borrodale, and probably escaped over the Stale, a fearful Alpine pass, over Glaramara, into Langdale. No intelligence has since been received of him. The landlord retains the coach in pledge for his 20l. and has discovered the very alarming circumstance, that all his plate and linen were in the coach. From which it is concluded, that he meant to desert his poor wife, and that he has deserted her. I cannot express the sincere concern, which every inhabitant of the country takes in the misfortune of poor Sarah of Buttermere. I knew her well; and I can truly say, that she would have been an ornament to any rank of life. She was intelligent, and well informed, and uniformly maintained her dignity, as a woman, by never forgetting, or suffering others to forget, that she was the Maid of the Inn, the *attendant* of those who stopped at the ale-house, and not the *familiar*. I never knew any one think otherwise than well and highly of her, who had demeaned themselves consistently with their own rank and character. I am convinced, that when the whole of the courtship is made known, she will rise in the opinion of the good and the sensible, instead of sinking. It seems, that there are some circumstances attending her birth and true parentage, which would account for her striking superiority in mind and manners, in a way extremely flattering to the prejudices of rank and birth. It is amusing to hear at Keswick the extravagant encomiums on the impostor's manners and address.

Those who have been duped, find it pleasant to imagine all this; and the one or two whose suspicions were awakened from the first, as naturally imagine, that they saw the very contrary. Buttermere is nine miles from Keswick, by the horse-road; fourteen by the carriage-road.

Copy of another letter from Keswick.

Keswick, Oct. 30.

THE pretended Colonel Hope, in his rapid flight, left behind him a costly dressing box, which was opened last week by a warrant from a Magistrate. It was completely furnished with elegant silver toilet trinkets; and there were two letters found in it, one from Balynahinch, in Ireland, and directed to Colonel Hope, from which it appeared that he was concerned in some gang or other in that unhappy country. There was likewise a cash-book, in which a memorandum was made of 1200l. and odd, having been invested by him in the Bank of Dimsdale and Co. in the month of March last. Nothing appeared leading to a discovery of his real name. But to-day, poor Sarah of Buttermere, examining the box more narrowly, found that the box had a double bottom; and in the interspace were a number of letters addressed to him *from his wife and children*, under the name of Hatfield. This atrocious villain is therefore a bigamist, as well as guilty of felony for attaching the name of a Member of Parliament to

to a letter, for the purpose of a fraud. Some of your correspondents will inform us, perhaps, whether a marriage under a false name, be a legitimate marriage. The wretch had endeavoured to persuade the girl and her mother, and nominal father, to sell their estate, and to go all together with him into Scotland; which they refused to do, chiefly from the prudent fears of the old man. It is greatly to be hoped that the wretch will be apprehended—a more detestable action was surely never perpetrated. Poor Sarah is the object of universal concern.

Advertisement.—Fifty Pounds Reward.

NOTORIOUS Impostor, Swindler, and Felon, JOHN HATFIELD, who lately married a young woman, commonly called the Beauty of Buttermere, under an assumed name. Height about five feet ten inches, age about 44, full face, bright eyes, thick eye-brows, strong but light beard, good complexion, with some colour, thick but not very prominent nose, smiling countenance, fine teeth, a scar on one of his cheeks near the chin, very long thick light hair, with a great deal of it grey, done up in a club; stout, square shouldered, full breast and chest, rather corpulent and stout limbed, but very active, and has rather a spring in his gait, with apparently a little hitch in bringing up one leg; the two middle fingers of his left hand are stiff from an old wound, and he frequently has a custom of putting them straight with his right; has something of the Irish brogue in his speech, fluent and elegant in his language, great command of words, frequently puts his hand to his heart, very fond of compliments, and generally addressing himself to persons most distinguished by rank or situation, attentive in the extreme to females, and likely to insinuate himself where there are young ladies; he was in America during the war, is fond of talking of his wounds and exploits there, and on military subjects, as well as of Hatfield Hall, and his estates in Derbyshire and Chester, of the antiquity of his family, which he pretends to trace to the Plantagenets; all which are shameful falsehoods, thrown out to deceive. He makes a boast of having often been engaged in duels; he has been a great traveller also, by his own account, and talks of Egypt, Turkey, Italy, and in short has a general knowledge of subjects, which, together with his engaging manner, is well calculated to impose on the credulous. He was seven years confined in Scarborough goal, from whence he married, and removed into Devonshire, where he has basely deserted an amiable wife and young family. He had art enough to connect himself with some very respectable merchants in Devonshire as a partner in business, but having swindled them out of large sums of money, he was made a separate bankrupt, in June last, and has never surrendered to his commission, by which means he is guilty of Felony. He cloaks his deceptions under the mask of religion, appears fond of religious conversation, and makes a point of attending divine service and popular preachers. To consummate his villanies, he has lately, under the very respectable name of the Honourable Colonel Hope, betrayed an innocent but unfortunate young woman near the lake of Buttermere. He was on the 25th of October last, at Ravenglass, in Cumberland, wrapped in a sailor's great coat and disguised, and is supposed to be now secreted in Liverpool, or some adjacent port, with a view

view to leave the country. Whoever will apprehend him, and give information to Mr. Taunton, No. 4, Pump-court, Temple, so that he may be safely lodged in one of His Majesty's goal's, shall receive Fifty Pounds reward.

November 5, 1802.

A Second Advertisement.—General Post Office.

JOHN HATFIELD, standing charged upon oath with counterfeiting the hand-writing of a Member of Parliament in the superscription of Letters to be sent by the post, in order to avoid the payment of the duty on postage.

Whoever shall apprehend the said John Hatfield, and secure him in any of his Majesty's goals in this kingdom, within three months from the date hereof, will receive a reward of Fifty Pounds.

By command of his Majesty's Postmasters General,

FR. FREELING, *Sec.*

Nov. 12, 1802.

The said John Hatfield is about 45 years of age; was born at a place called Cradden Brooke, at the extremity of the county of Chester, adjoining to Yorkshire and Derbyshire: he is the son of a clothier there, and followed that business until he married a lady of family, many years ago, when he removed to near Chester, and afterwards to near Liverpool, and appeared as a gentleman.—He was for several years confined in Scarborough goal, and about two years since was released, when he went into the neighbourhood of Tiverton, and married a second wife, who is still living; he entered into Partnership in the mercantile line in that neighbourhood; and in June last he was declared a bankrupt, but never surrendered to the commission. He spent several weeks at Keswick, and the neighbourhood, during the summer, on a tour to the Lakes, where he represented himself as the Hon. Alexander Hope, M. P. and in that character franked several letters. On the 2d of October he was married at Lorton Church, near Keswick, by the name of the Hon. A. Hope, to a young woman, the daughter of a person who keeps an inn adjoining the Lake of Buttermere: he absconded from thence soon afterwards; was at Ravenglass on the 26th of October, took the coach from thence to Lancaster, and was at the hotel at Chester a few days afterwards, where he slept, and went away on foot the next morning.

He is about five feet ten inches high, stout made, full face, bright eyes, light hair, thick eye-brows, strong but rather a light beard, fine teeth, has a smiling countenance, good address, and manners of a gentleman: he has a scar on one of his jaw-bones, near the chin; the two middle fingers of his left hand are stiff from an old wound, and he has a custom of pulling them straight with his right hand; is very active, and has a spring in his gait.

The wind up, or recapitulation of the Life and Villanies of

JOHN HATFIELD.

IT affords but a melancholy picture of human nature, to say, that this act of wanton wickedness exhibits only a solitary instance of the daring iniquity which has marked the whole life of this abandoned man.

He was born at Mottram, in Longendale, in Cheshire, and is of low origin; but, possessing abilities, and being early devoted to pleasure, after some domestic depredations, he quitted his family in pursuit of

of adventures. It was not long before he ensnared the natural daughter of a noble parent, with a handsome independent fortune, who ran away with and married him. He soon squandered her property and left her a beggar. For some time she existed on a stipend provided by her friends, and then died of a broken heart. By her he had three daughters, whom he deserted, and one of them is now living in the lowest state of servitude. In the course of his career he visited America, and travelled over many parts of Europe, representing himself as a Major in the army, and was much in Ireland, where he was engaged in many duels.

About the year 1793 he was arrested for debt, and confined in Scarborough goal from that period till Sept 1800, when he had address enough, even through the bars of his prison, to captivate a young lady, who married him, extricated him from confinement, and accompanied him to Devonshire.

On her he made a settlement of some estates in Derbyshire, which *did not belong to him.*

Not long after his arrival in Devon, by the most artful means and insidious misrepresentations, he prevailed on some respectable merchants to admit him to a partnership in their business, offering to bring a large sum of money; and to do this, he also prevailed on a worthy clergyman to accept his drafts to a large amount, on the persuasion of his remitting property to provide for them when due. He now visited town, and, with his carriage and establishment, made a splendid figure; and, turning his talents to a seat in Parliament, previous to the general election, canvassed the borough of Queenborough; to many electors of which place he must be well known. Suspected, however, by some of his creditors, and threatened with arrest, he abandoned his parliamentary scheme, and all his projects, decamping with some hundreds of pounds, which he had art enough to secure, and leaving his wife in Devonshire with a young infant, and ready *to be brought to bed of another*, depending for bread on the charity of the world. The clergyman who had accepted his drafts, was obliged to fly his duty and his country to save himself from a prison, and Hatfield was instantly made a bankrupt, in order to unravel his villanies.

It has lately appeared that on his quitting London he took the road to Portpatrick, with his carriage, and leaving it there, passed over to Ireland; and from an intercepted anonymous letter, there is great reason to suspect he was concerned with a desperate banditti in the neighbourhood of Glenarm or Coleraine. Although, when he first absconded, diligent search was made for him, by letter, all over England, and even on the continent, he was never discovered till he made the Lakes of Cumberland the theatre of his iniquity, and, under the sanction of marriage, betrayed poor Sarah of Buttermere. This unsuspecting girl, who had hardly ever lost the prospect of her native mountains, tempted, by her artless innocence, this barbarous destroyer!

After escaping from Buttermere, he took refuge on board a sloop off Ravenglass, where he was plentifully supplied with provisions from the shore; and by his voluptuous profusion, attracted, in his hiding place, the curiosity of a stranger, who went on board, on purpose to see this amazing consumer. Finding that he should be detected, he went in the coach to Ulverston, and was seen at the hotel at Chester, about ten days since, where he had, in his usual way, a good supper, and

drank

drank his bottle of Madeira. The next morning he ordered a chaise for Northwich, but not being able to get one, he walked away, in a great passion, and has not been heard of since. It is, however, supposed that he was hastening towards his native village to secrete himself until the ardour of the first search had abated, or else going to secure a passage to Ireland.

Under the respectable name of Colonel Hope, he franked several letters, and of course is guilty of forgery; as well as swindling, bigamy, and the felony of not appearing to his commission

Perhaps, in the circle of life in which he moved, there never was so specious a hypocrite; he never spoke of those ties which are valued in society, without a tear trembling in his eye; he hardly ever saw an object of misery *in the presence of others,* without giving assistance, which, though the gift of ostentation, resembled the tribute of charity. His countenance is extremely engaging, his information classical and general, his manners courteous and insinuating, and his language eloquently persuasive. The perfect basilisk, he hardly ever saw a woman whom he wished to allure, without success. The history of his seductions and gallantries would form a volume, at which British blood would run cold, and even the disciples of *Chevalier de Faublas* himself, would shudder at his barbarous triumphs over chastity. The unwary female whom he deluded, would become the minion of his pleasures, or the purveyor of his purse, and there are, alas! too many victims of his treachery.—

So plausible, that his acquaintance could hardly be resisted, he adapted himself to the ruling passion of all whom he knew, discovering their weak side, and having a genius to turn their abilities to his own advantage, and availing himself in the most dexterous manner of the foibles, inclinations, prejudices, and jealousies of mankind.

For the repose of the community, and the peace of virtue, that this wicked and dangerous character may soon be overtaken and punished, " is a consummation devoutly to be wished "

CONTRASTED FACTS.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

EXPERIMENTALLY convinced how ready you have been, upon all occasions, to give admission to whatever promised entertainment to your readers, I presume to trouble you with two circumstances, equally *unique* and equally *correct*, just as they have occurred during the last month, without the least point of exaggeration.

An inhabitant of Bond-Street, and of no small celebrity, whose professional concerns with the superior classes are of little less standing than *Forty Years*, having in his establishment a servant of *long tried and well known* integrity, hit upon a method of rewarding him in a way more gratifying to a mind of sensibility, than by means of any pecuniary compliment it would have been possible to bestow. Having been originally his apprentice for seven years, which term was served with the strictest fidelity; he then became a journeyman, alias assistant, to his master, in which capacity, strange to recite, he has continued *one-and-twenty years*, making a term of TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS, between a friendly affectionate master and a faithful servant. The latter, for some

some years past, has been permitted annually, in the month of September, to pass a few days with his distant relatives in Berkshire; when, during his last excursion, not many days since, his master had obliterated his *own* name upon the front of his premises, which are of much popularity, and placed the names of both MASTER AND MAN, as Partners; the journeyman, at his return, finding himself most unexpectedly, and without any *previous hint* whatever, joint possessor of a most lucrative concern, and where perhaps his long accustomed habits had never prompted him to take even an *imaginary* prospect beyond a *state of servitude*.

CONTRA.

In the same week, a citizen of much former eminence, who has been in trade full fifty years, within one hundred yards of the iron palisadoes surrounding St. Paul's Church, retired from the fatigues of business, relinquishing his former residence, and at the same time dismissing an *honest, faithful* CAMBRIAN, who had been his *assistant* for no less a time than THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS, and at a stipend from which not even a *Hundred Pounds* could have been saved in so long and so attentive a servitude; when the master *at parting*, feeling, no doubt, *sincere regard* for so old, and so constant a companion, complimented him with a PAIR OF GLOBES, made more than half a century since, as truly emblematic of the *wide world* he was cast upon; after so long following the fortunes of so *kind*, so *considerate*, and so *affectionate* a master. These are facts worthy being known, as lessons to both the LIBERAL and the *penurious*; and that you may indulge no doubt upon *either*, I pledge my HONOUR for the TRUTH of BOTH and will, if necessary, confirm it upon OATH, being personally known to *all* the parties.

Yours, &c.

HIC ET UBIQUE.

Nov. 6, 1802.

NEW PUBLICATION.

A PHILOSOPHICAL and Practical Treatise on Horses, and on the Moral Duties of Man, towards the Brute Creation. By John Lawrence. 2 vols. 8vo. 2d edit. Symonds, 1802.

We promised, in our last number, a critical analysis of the above eccentric, but truly practical and useful work; of which a second edition, with additions and replies to the observations of Mr. Blane, has been for some months before the public. Our constant readers will recollect the extracts we formerly were in the habit of making from it, of which the great press of miscellaneous matter, for a time, has prevented the continuance. We make our critical *début* with this work, both because it is the most full and general in our language; and as it has been, from its first publication, received as a text-book both by our Sporting Gentlemen, and Agriculturists. Two attempts have been made to introduce it upon the continent; one in the north, and one at Vienna; in both without success, a translation being interdicted, on account, as it was professed, *of the morality of the work being deduced from an improper source*. This we leave the author to settle with the licencers of the press in those countries, as a thing quite out of our province. Subject to the approbation of our friends, we propose, in future, to exhibit an impartial investigation of the merits of all

all the writers in this department, who have, in any degree, attracted the public attention; that we may be enabled, by fair comparison, to draw satisfactory conclusions on the actual state of veterinary literature.

Mr. Lawrence, whom, as we formerly observed, we know personally, has been, throughout life, remarked for his strong, or rather enthusiastic attachment to animals, of every domestic species, but more particularly to horses; and of those, among the great number which have formerly passed through his hands, he has possessed some of rare and extraordinary qualifications. His "New Farmer's Calendar," a work of the most extensive reputation, has evinced his thorough practical knowledge of agriculture; and of those animals on which it so materially depends: in consequence, he is at present engaged to write the descriptions, in the great national cattle work, coming forward under the highest patronage in the kingdom.

The author professes, in the introductory chapter, that it is his ambition to give a general history of the Horse, both in sickness and in health; and to afford all attainable information concerning him, both from his own long and extensive experience, and from that of other writers, British and Foreign, of the best reputation. On the medical and surgical part of the work, he abates considerably of his pretensions to originality, acknowledging that he is not of the regular medical profession; at the same time, stating both his familiar acquaintance with the best medical writers, and his long and successful practice, in prescribing, whether for his in-door, or out-door family. He has, according to his custom, treated this matter rather in a ludicrous way, styling himself formerly, in a small medical tract, N. Q. *i. e.* naturally a quack; and also, in the second volume of this work, p. 257, deprecating the professional wrath of the regulars, and epigramatizing himself in the words of Owen, which denote, that ideots, Jews, monks, players, barbers, old-wives, all fancy themselves inspired by the spirit of Æsculapius. Of the reality of his skill in this line, we are however very ill qualified to decide; but his long and constant, although private pursuit of medical knowledge, is not to be doubted: nor can it be denied, that he has been fortunate enough to perform several remarkable cures, amongst which, the restoration of the sight of his famous mare, Vol. II. p. 499, is not the least. What will infallibly, however, turn the laugh against him, with most of our readers, he invariably insists, not only that the gout is a curable disease, but that he has cured it on himself, and possesses a nostrum fully equal to such an important effect! It is a proof, by the by, either of the unsoundness of his pretensions in this case, or of the little faith of mankind, that the author does not drive his curricle.

The stud, or breeding system, is professedly passed over in this work, and reserved for some future period; but we think, many important hints upon that subject, are interspersed in the two volumes. What he intends on the subject of humanity, which ought to be so dear to every soul clothed in the human form, we cannot so well give, as in his own words; and we wish they may sink deep into the heart of our reader: —— "But the most important part of my task, and that which lies nearest my heart, is to endeavour to lessen the sum of animal misery in the world—to implore a more generous and humane treatment of those poor useful animals,

 which

which nature has placed under our dominion, and intrusted to our care—to remind mankind of the unprofitableness and meanness, as well as the heinousness of cruelty in particular, to convince them, if possible, that, to be compassionate and liberal to that most excellent and useful creature, the Horse, is both their interest and their duty." It would be difficult to devise a more pointed and forcible appeal to human feeling than this; and hard, and ungenerous indeed, must be that breast, on which it makes no impression.

On the general character and conduct of this treatise, we think many erroneous comments have been made. It has been asked repeatedly, why is this, or that subject, totally irrelevant, introduced into a book of *Farriery?* But these querists seem to have totally overlooked the title-page of the book, and to have mistaken the avowed intention of the author, which appears to be nothing less than the publication of a bundle of farrier's receipts; on the contrary, the didactic part, which treats of the "moral duties of man," gives ample scope for disquisition, and vests the author with a legitimate right to draw his illustrations from whatever quarter he may judge most appropriate to his purpose. With an independence of mind, too fully evinced perhaps, in all his writings, for his temporal interest, Mr. L. has made a full use of such right; and, to speak impartially, as critics, his love of truth and sincerity has pushed him somewhat beyond the bounds of that prudence which a man owes to himself, and of that delicacy which is due to the opposite sentiments, however erroneous, of others. Is he so much of a zealot, as not to have discovered, even in his mature age, that the minds of mankind are not yet prepared for the reception of abstract truths? or, that there is yet a numerous party, in every country, fully determined to reject truth, in the disgusting deformity of her nakedness, and to estimate her only in proportion to the neatness, or splendor, of her attire; or more properly, to the adroitness with which she is hidden from vulgar eyes? He surely ought to have known, that they who make the loudest professions, have generally the least meaning; and that many, who will talk and write most abundantly upon the subject of humanity, or any other duty, are amongst the first to question, and even absolutely reject any effectual measure, towards its completion.

There is also, probably, a great majority, who would reject, *in toto*, all arguments in favour of humanity to beasts, which were drawn from the source of simple reason and justice alone, at whatever risk to the principle itself, or practice. In other words, would ask, what are the sufferings of beasts, or even men, compared with the interests of society? But are not these interests *mal-entendus*, ill understood? If the author's enthusiasm has really blinded him to these obvious traits in the character of human society, we commiserate his simplicity; if, on the contrary, he has sought only the applauses of the philosophical and reflecting few, or has made his appeal to the presumed light and impartiality of posterity, we cannot chuse, but admire his courage and independence of mind. We must, however, render thus much justice to his prudence, as to acquaint the reader, that the several really objectionable passages in his first edition have, in the present, been expunged.

The general arrangement of the matter, is not barely unobjectionable, it is luminous, and extremely convenient for the purpose of conveying

veying instruction. The style and diction, various; but always evincing the man of long literary habits: ever perspicuous, sometimes eloquent; often careless and feeble, for which, a melancholy, and we believe an unaffected cause, may be deduced from the preface. The vein of humour, running throughout the whole performance, it is probable, approaches too nearly the limits of coarseness, to suit the fashionable delicacy of the present day; and the author is too thoroughly a jockey, to be able to divest himself entirely of the technical language of the stable. It must yet, not be denied, that these blemishes, if, being natural and unaffected, such they must be esteemed, have proved powerful recommendations of this work with many readers.

The preface to the second edition turns chiefly upon certain attacks made upon the medical part of the work; for, as to a thorough knowledge of the horse and his management, that has never been questioned. We have already declared, that merely as sportsmen, we are not at all qualified to decide in this dispute, but must refer our readers to the book itself, or to more able counsel. The controversy, besides, seems likely to take a pretty extensive turn; for this author, not content with bringing the charge of plagiarism against a single work, in his first edition, has had the hardihood, or the imprudence, to attach the same, sometimes plainly, and at others by implication, to nearly every one since written; and the number has not been small! We here again rest upon our oars—but with this remark; Mr. L. has fairly selected, from certain of these writers, some instances of very high and important pretensions to novelty: he has then turned to other writers of prior date; and, according to his account, of the highest authority, whence he literally produces the original of the pretended new discovery. His own candour, in the acknowledgment of his authorities, is unimpeachable; and his justice to departed merit, in the highest degree exemplary and praise-worthy.

After a brief statement of the author's intentions, the work opens with a critical account of former writers, commencing with our oldest known veterinary writer, Blunderville. This part is highly entertaining; and, from its discrimination, extremely useful in various points of view. For example, does a man desire information as an anatomist, or in a medical view; as an amateur of the menage, or a jockey; as a breeder; as a shoer of horses—he would surely desire to be directed to those authors, who are particularly skilled in that branch on which he seeks for light: but what an absurdity would it be, for a tyro in jockeyship, or one who sought instruction on the breeding, qualifications, and management of horses, for the road and field, to lose his time, by poring over Berenger, St. Bel, or the books of our modern veterinary surgeons?—he who desired to train his horse for military parade, might with as much reason, and parallel success, have recourse to Osmer, Bracken, or Gibson.

The chapter on the "Horse," in general, is a history of the horse, and his present state in this country; concluding with a recital of his true external conformation, and the marks which designate his age. That on the "Rights of Beasts," is curious and original, quite in the manner of this author. The term "rights," as applicable to brute animals, has been objected to; but in that case, it ought to be considered we must also exclude *duties* as applicable to man; since the one necessarily implies the other. On this head, it is the

the author's opinion, that our cruelty arises not only from inadvertence, but even ignorance, and that our system of education is totally defective, burdening the youthful mind with mere forms and useless ideas, instead of essential principles; and that our system of jurisprudence is equally liable to objection, as making no provision for that justice which is due to beasts, of *right*, as well as to men. Some horrid instances of cruelty are to be found in this chapter. The chapters on the "Hack and Hunter," on the art of riding, and on trotting, capital trotters, &c. are perfectly original; and abound with practical observations and instructions, corresponding with the present statistics of horsemanship, which are to be found in no other work. On draught horses, we entirely agree with the author; but as to the substitution of the heavy ox, for those, we must frankly own, we remain unconvinced by his arguments, however conclusive himself may suppose them. On shoeing, we think he leans too much to the college, even after his late partial recantation. We have never yet been able to find horses, whose frogs and quarters would bear, unprotected, the concussion, and wear and tear of the hard roads; nor do we give implicit credit to accounts of that kind, excepting from the riding-school and parade.

The second volume commences with the "Philosophy of Sports," a part of this work, which always forcibly attracted us, as original, and replete with entertainment and utility. What the author proposes here, is *to prove the lawfulness and utility of diversions*; *the total inutility of mere cruelty and injustice for such end*; *and to determine, philosophically, which of our sports are legitimate, and which are not*. For example, he says, that staking animals to be tortured to death, in other words, to be baited, is totally unlawful, on the score of injustice and cruelty—that even hunting timid animals, is a mean and cowardly pursuit; but that hunting noxious and ferocious animals, not only stands in a different predicament, with regard to justice, but is even laudable, as well as amusing, in the light of a sport. The speculations on gaming, or play, are in the free strain of the author, and will occasion a frown on the severe, and excite a smile, on the pliable countenance. His defence of boxing, is in the true style of a Briton, and a philosopher, and we wish every man's son could read it. The fatal knife drawn lately in this metropolis, in a manner so totally abhorrent to English feelings, forcibly prompts this sentiment.

The chapters on the "Economy of the Stable," and on purchase and sale, to repeat our words, are strictly original, replete with those instructions precisely, which every owner of horses stands in need of, and which would in vain be sought for in any other work. A rotunda form of stabling is recommended for a country seat.—"A circular range of stabling externally, the internal compass of which should form a ride, covered in, above, for the purpose of exercise in bad weather. The uncovered area, shut up from all intrusion, would make a most convenient yard for the various necessary occasions, including that of a good wash-pond." The specious arguments of certain stable economists, who advise to regulate a horse's food according to his work, are examined, p. 76. The question is, Do you require your horse to be in *condition?* If so, no saving irregularity of feeding will answer the end. The order of feeding and exercise, the care of stallions, the prevention of diseases and of grease, the mode of wintering abroad, &c.

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are truly excellent, and ought to be imprinted on the memory of all persons interested in the welfare of this noble animal. From the head of "Purchase and Sale," we shall transcribe nothing; advising the reader to have the whole of it at his finger-ends, previously to venturing on the uncertain business of horse-dealing. The markets, with all their rocks and quicksands, are fully laid open to his view.

The nature of the "TURF," as we are accustomed, metaphorically, to style the amusement of horse-racing, is explained, and a definition given of the race-horse, an animal often talked of, seldom understood, even in this country. Here may be found, a confirmation of that singular phenomenon in animal nature, that, although the Arabian blood is the fountain or source in our horses, of the racing quality, yet the Arabian horses themselves cannot race, that is to say, comparatively with English horses. The following ideas on the quality commonly denominated *blood* in horses, are curious; but, as we know, from the aggregate experience of our sporting lives, not more curious than true. "Although the general characteristic of thorough blood is speed, yet the final test is not speed, but continuance; since many common or half-bred horses have been known to possess racing speed, but no instance has ever occurred, of its continuance in those, beyond, perhaps, half a mile; the powers of continuance increase in proportion to the quantity of blood: thus, three-part bred horses will persevere longer than half-bred; and those got by bred horses out of three-part bred mares, will sometimes equal the real racers. Although, amongst horses equally well-bred, superior external conformation will generally prevail in the race, yet racing can in no sort be said absolutely to depend on good shape; it depends entirely on blood: for example, take the worst shaped true-bred horse you can find, and the best shaped common horse; let the latter have a fine coat, loose thropple, high and declined shoulder, length, speed; in fine, all the admired points of the racer, and such common horses are occasionally to be found, let them run four miles, and the bred horse, although out-footed at first, shall always win the race. This principle is so universal, that perhaps it would be altogether impracticable to find a thorough bred horse in England, sufficiently bad to be beaten four miles by the speediest and best common bred hack." In Mr. Lawrence's opinion, a good racer is able to run more than twenty-six miles in one hour, carrying eight stone; and he has pointed out trotters, which, from trials, he judges could have performed twenty miles in one hour, carrying seven stone.

The seas of money, the estates, which might have been saved by a cool and attentive reflection upon the principles unfolded in this chapter!—Humanity to the animal, ever uppermost in this author's mind, is not forgotten; and he labours, as usual, to discriminate, to establish the points of equity between us and the living medium of our pleasures, and to divest horse-racing of every trace of cruelty. He has proved to *our* full conviction, that, allowing common sense to operate, barbarity is totally needless, or rather utterly incompatible with sport; and that we need lose nothing in the sum of our diversions, by giving up loathsome and degrading acts of cruelty.

From the turf, we proceed to the chapters on "Veterinary, Medicine and Surgery," on which the author shews great and various information; particularly as to the present, in comparison with the former state of these

these sciences: and we fear he has proved rather too much for modern veterinary pretensions. The reader will find, amongst others, a very curious experiment of dissecting the wind galls, p. 537. Reasons are assigned, and we acknowledge they fully satisfy us, in favour of the system of purging, recommended by our best writers, in order to the preservation of the health and condition of horses. We think, on this head particularly, the work may be consulted with great advantage. How far the author may be right in his objections to the theory of Drs Darwin and Beddoes on Catarrh,* we really have not medical skill enough to determine; but, if we cannot argue medically with him, we can laugh heartily at his medical anecdotes: one of which, furnished by the use of the cold bath, may be found p. 322. The same ludicrous vein gets uppermost here and there, even amid the gravity of medical instruction, glaring instances of which occur in pages 406, 453, and 469.

On the "Diseases of the Eyes, on the Grease, and on the Lameness of Horses," in particular, this book has been generally allowed to have great weight, from the long, patient, and practical attention of the author, sufficiently obvious in his treatment of those subjects. The question of the "Elasticity of Tendons" is equally curious and important, and seems to be discussed by Mr. L. in a very scientific way. So much depends on this hinge, as to the cure of tendinous lameness, that we refer our veterinary professional readers, with a degree of eagerness, to this part of the work. The chapter of "Miscellanea" contains receipts for external applications, the method of treating wounds, ulcers, &c. and the work concludes with advice on the diseases of cattle, and the management of cows and calves.

We have assigned our reasons for going into the merits of this work at such length; they are such, also, as we believe will weigh with those who desire information on the various subjects it embraces. At parting, we beg leave to hint to the author, that, in a future edition, a plain practical compendium of the anatomy of the horse, would be a most valuable addition to his work; in fact, would render it complete. One more hint, we trust, he will take in good part—we would counsel him, as friends, to restrain the satirical rage of his redoubtable feathered weapon, which, in spite of acknowledged good nature, and the best intentions, must inevitably make him many enemies.

Subject of the Print.

GOING OUT IN THE MORNING.

A Beautiful Engraving by
PYE.

From a finely executed Painting of the
YOUNGER SARTORIUS.

WHEN this design was brought to the publisher by the artist, it was not mentioned that he should continue the subject; yet, notwithstanding it is the same as hath been given, from other hands, in former magazines, we are inclined, in this our *Improved Work*, to give a *fresh set*, as they will be wholly *new* in point of *drawing*; and engraved in a very superior style to any that have gone before them.—These, however, will not come in very quick succession, as we have some excellent subjects in the engraver's hands; —and which need only be seen to be admired.

FEAST

Sartorius del.t Pye sculp.

Unkennelling the Hounds. Plate 1.

Pub. Dec. 1 1802, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

A LETTER

From an Attorney on the Circuit to his Mistress in Town.

"MY DEAR CHARMER!

THE *Circuit* is now at an end, and the JUDGES and LAWYERS on their return home; but no *Felon*, sentenced at the assizes to transportation, could have been in a more wretched plight than your humble servant; for I can safely make *affidavit*, that each day that I behold not your lovely face, is to me a *dies non*. CUPID, the Tipstaff, has served me with an *attachment* from your bright eyes, more dreadful than a *green wax process*; he has taken my heart into *custody*, and will not accept of *bail*. Unless you allow of my *plea*, I must be *nonsuited* in a *cause* I have set my heart on. Why will you, while I pine in hopes of a speedy *rejoinder*, hang me up *term after term*, by frivolous *delays*, which tend only to gain *time*.

"I *filed* my *bill* as of last *Michaelmas Term* on the Morrow of All Souls, in hopes ere this to have joined *issue* with you. It is now fifteen days from *Easter-day*, and, by your *demurring*, I am as far from bringing my *cause* to a *hearing*, as before I commenced my *suit*. You still delay giving in your *answer*, which is absolutely against the *practice* of all the *courts*. I would willingly quit the fattest *client* there, to attend your business, would you but submit to a *reference*; and should prefer an *attendance* at your *chambers*, to those of a *Master* in *Chancery*.

"I stand in great need of an able Counsel to move my *suit* while I am absent; that sly slut, *Dolly*, your chamber-maid, has taken my *fee*, yet I fear betrays my *cause*: she is ever preferring some *cross-bill*, which protracts matters, and yet I do not sue *in forma pauperis*, being ready and willing to *infeoff* you in a good jointure; and to this I will bind myself, my *heirs*, *executors*, *administrators*, and *assigns*, by a DEED in which you shall nominate *trustees*.

"To save expences, my clerk shall engross it, and it shall be perused by your own lawyer, it being left as a quere, how vastly preferable the title of a *femme couvert* is to that of a spinster; but you shall answer short to all my *interlocutory interrogatories*. If I could but once obtain a leading order to try my title, by even a jury of your own friends, I am certain I should obtain a verdict in my favour, and recover costs against you; for I have a good action for attendance and loss of time, though, upon the *postea*, I do not think I could find in my heart to issue a *ca: sa:* against you, or put you into any court but that of *Hymen*.

"You have equity in your own breast, and from thence I hope for relief: decree but for me, and the day of *essoign* shall be that of your own nuptials, and the eve of the lasting felicity of, dear creature,

Your humble supplicant,
And faithful orator, &c.
T. SPLITCAUSE."

UPON a sign-board, at a public-house, on the road between Keswick and Wyburn, is the following *laconic* inscription, which at once records the merit of the former possessor, and asserts the family pretensions of the present occupier:—

"JOHN STANLEY lives here, and sells
"good Ale:
"Do, step in and taste it, before it
"grows stale.
"JOHN, in this house, succeeded unto
"his father PETER:
"But, in th' Old Man's time, th' ALE
"was never better."

A Gentleman of Leeds, in his description of his *eloped* wife, says, "she has a *tongue that cuts like a razor*."

A Schoolmaster having turned dancing-master, some of his friends expressed a little surprise at this metamorphosis.—"You need not be surprised," said he, "my learning has sunk into my *heels*, where I find it will be of some use to me!"

CITY OF BATH, To-wit.

To the worthy Inhabitants of Bath, the humble Petition of OLIVER BISCUIT, *Esq. sheweth,*

THAT your petitioner is of a very respectable family, being the offspring of an eminent physician of this city, who, at his death, left him an orphan to the care of Messrs. Baker and Co. who have ever since acted as his guardians; and as many guardians do, not for his interest, but their own. Your petitioner, during the lifetime of his father, and for many years after, made a very respectable appearance; being, as to his exterior, of good *size* and proportion, and being *well drest*, was admitted as an agreeable companion into all parties; and not only so, but there was hardly an entertainment to which he did not contribute his share. It may also be mentioned to his credit, that though not rich himself, he was the means of enabling others to make good fortunes, as many of the inhabitants of Bath can testify.

Such was his condition until the unhappy war with France commenced, when, upon some trivial pretence, those who had been his guardians since the death of his father, entered into a confederacy against him, in which they unhappily succeeded, by reducing his substance to such a degree, that those friends who knew him in his better days, when he appeared lately at an entertainment, could hardly believe he was the same person.—But the final blow given to him was in the year 1800, when his guardians, upon a pretence of scarcity, refused to make him his usual allowance; in consequence of which, your petitioner has been gradually declining and reduced to half his original size, nay even to starvation.

He therefore humbly hopes, that those good friends who knew how to estimate his value, will stand forth as his protectors, and not suffer his guardians to carry on their illicit practices any longer, from base and sordid motives. As Peace and Plenty are happily restored to Great Britain, it is reasonable and *just*, that he also should be restored to his former allowance, and again appear in the situation in which his honoured father left him.

Br—d-street. OL. BISCUIT.

——— Ridiculum acri
Fortius ac melius *parvas* plerumque secat * res.

A Mother said one day to her daughter, "when you are of my age you will be dreaming of a husband." "Yes, Mamma," replied the young lady, "*for the second time!*"

* *Anglicè*, cuts up.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE late Bob Winter of the Pipe-office, was a gentleman distinguished on the Turf, and in the convivial circles of the most dashing sportsmen, who might "have better spared a better man!"

DURING the present month, the nephew of Admiral Peyton accidentally shattered one of his arms on a shooting party at Wakehurst Park, in Sussex. The limb has been since amputated.

THE Duke of Marlborough does not come to town until the shooting season is over. His grace is a remarkable good shot, and very fond of the amusement; and spares no expence in the preservation of his game. So very strict is his grace in this matter, that he will not grant a lease to any one, without this stipulation, that if he shoots over the manor, he forfeits it.

NOTWITHSTANDING the scarcity of partridges this season in Norfolk, Mr. Coke's party at Holkham killed, in the course of the first week in September, 965 birds!—The party consisted only of six guns the principle part of the week, but on the two last days it was reinforced by Lord Paget and Mr. Wilbraham.

IT is become a moot point, which is the best shot, Lord Paget or Mr. Coke. The former is thought by many to excel in shooting *birds*, the latter in *hares* and *rabbits*.

THE pursuits of agriculture and husbandry seem to be congenial with all great men. Lucullus fed his own *fish*; Mr. Pitt rears his own *poultry*, and Lord Clive, in the East Indies, like Parson Trulliber, attends to his own *hogs: Porcus ex grege* CLIVI may be a good dish! though the Indians may not like it.

THE late Lord Orford, like the present Lord C——, was remarkable for having a fine breed of pigs; and, as other gentlemen take their friends to their stables to shew their horses, so Lord Orford used frequently to take his visitors to his *piggery*. It happened on one of these occasions, that they found the pigs very furiously fighting, and his Lordship at the same time observed one of his silver spoons in the hog-trough; "It is no wonder," said he, "that there should be such a battle, when there is only one silver spoon among them all!"

THE horses of the late John Heathcote, Esq. sold at Tattersall's, fetched L.2,571 : 9s. including a curricle and a chariot, which sold for 90gs.—Anniseed was purchased by Sir John Shelly for 500gs; a yearling colt, by Sir Peter, sold for 400gs; Popinjay, 175gs; and one of the horses which was in the curricle at the time the accident occured, 70 guineas.

THE beginning of this month, the Rev. Rich. Warwick Bampfylde, of Poltimore-house, Devon, brother to Sir Charles Warwick Bampfylde, M. P. sold his well-bred pack of harriers, fifteen couples, for *six hundred guineas*; and his

his four 16-stone hunters for *nine hundred guineas.* Total, for thirty-dogs and four horses, *fifteen hundred guineas.*

THE Sporting Amateurs assembled *en masse*, on Monday the 15th, at Tattersall's—the attraction Major Warrington's stud. The ten horses fetched, together, upwards of *sixteen hundred guineas* Velvet Horn, late the property of the Prince, sold as a hunter, for the enormous sum of four hundred and fifty guineas—whilst the famous bay gelding, warranted to trot sixteen miles an hour in harness, produced only eighty.

Velvet Horn was bred by Captain Batson, in Windsor Forest, whence he derives his name His colour is a glossy black, and exactly resembles that of a particular horn, which, at a certain age, branches from the antlers of a stag, and is called by sportsmen *the velvet horn.*

LEICESTER HUNT.—The annual meeting of the gentlemen of this hunt took place this month. The cup on Monday, Nov. 1, was won by Mr. Reid's horse bercrombie, beating two others. A match for 75gs. between Mr Burton and Mr. Pearson, was won by the former. On Wednesday, a match, 20gs. to 10, between the winning horses, was also decided in favour of Burton: at starting 6 and 3 to 1 in favour of Abercrombie.—Won with great ease.

FIFE HUNT.—A letter from Cupar, November 13, says, there were four horses booked for the Friday's race yesterday, but only two started, viz. Captain Maitland's grey stallion, and Mr. Carnegie the horse-dealer's grey horse. The first heat was good, and gained by Mr. Carnegie's horse. The second heat Captain Maitland's horse gave up. The sport ended with a hack race of four horses, which gave tolerable sport. To-day no horses appeared for a regular race, but a match was made between Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Guthrie, for 100 guineas, between the starting and distance posts, a space of about 600 yards, gentlemen on. Mr. Guthrie gained by a few yards. Two hack races of the lowest kind ended the day's sport, or rather shagreen The company for the week was numerous and genteel, and supposed to have exceeded former years. Among those present were:

Lords Craufurd, Kellie, and Leven, Sir William Erskine, Sir Charles Halket, Capt. and Lady Charlotte Durham, Colonels James and Thomas Durham, Colonel Thomson, Generals Wemyss, Balfour, and Clephane, Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Pattully; Mr. Guthrie, Colonel Oswald, and a vast number of Fife Lairds, of a smaller sphere. There was a play every night by Bell's party, three balls, and a public dinner every day.

THE Caledonian Hunt has been well attended this season. Lord Dundas was president, the Marquis and Lord Douglas, stewards.

BLICKLING PARK was thronged with visitors of all ranks and conditions to witness the races there—There was a match the beginning of this month for 50gs for two ponies, which was won by Mr. Woolsey's of Thwaite. The sweepstakes of six subscribers, was won by Mr. Lee Doughty's f. beating Col. Wodehouse's f. and two others. A silver cup, given by the Hon. Mr Harboard, was run for by horses that had not been started or trained. There were foot-races, and many other rural sports, which afforded great diversion Mr. Harbord entertained a large party of his friends in a very hospitable manner; and Lady Caroline afterwards gave an elegant ball and supper to about 100 ladies and gentlemen

tlemen of Aylsham and the neighbourhood.

A SHORT time since, Mr. Wild, proprietor of an exhibition, had the misfortune to lose a horse at the Blue Bell inn, at Worksop, of twenty-five guineas value, by giving him a ball which had been prepared by some empiric at Doncaster, pretending to a knowledge of farriery, as a diuretic ball. A second horse had nearly shared the same fate, but a skilful farrier being called in, it was saved. The horse that died having been removed into a field near the town for the purpose of skinning it, the entrails were incautiously left above ground, and three pigs which eat thereof also died immediately after. It appeared that these animals had been poisoned by the quantity of mercury contained in the balls.

IN the maw of a large dray horse, belonging to Messrs. Hunt, brewers, at Southampton, were found two stones, one weighing twelve pounds and a half, the other six pounds, which occasioned his death. The large one had a cavity, which is supposed to have occasioned friction in the stomach.

LAST month a boy, not more than 12 years of age, of the name of Matthewson, belonging to Berwick upon Tweed, but having of late resided chiefly in or about Newcastle, applied for employment to Mr. Hogg, miller, of Edenton, in Berwickshire; who, moved by a very plausible and melancholy tale of his distresses, offered him lodgings, and what further consideration his services might merit. On Monday morning Mr. H's servants, on visiting the stables as usual, missed their master's favourite mare, which it appears young Turpin had decamped with at an early hour.

ON the 21st ult. two gentlemen went a shooting from Moffat, and, after having killed a number of muirfowl, hares, partridges, snipes, &c. when one of the gentlemen was descending a deep glen, within two miles of Moffat, a large, beautiful young eagle, sprung from one of the rocks. He happened to have a ball in one of his barrels, for the purpose of shooting deer, and with this he fired at the eagle and killed him. The eagle measured upwards of five feet from tip to tip of his wings. A few days before, a gentleman saw an eagle chased by two Roman ravens, near the same spot.

THE latter end of October, as a man was walking through a piece of ground in the neighbourhood of Piercefield, Monmouthshire, he got entangled in a net which had been spread by poachers, for the purpose of destroying the game; and whilst he was endeavouring to extricate himself, three fellows sprung from behind an adjoining hedge, and attacked him in the most inhuman manner. After assaulting and wounding him, with the greatest ferocity, they dragged him to the precipice, and threw him from a cliff projecting over the river, where, from the immense height, his destruction was only prevented by his falling into a piece of water, in which he remained immersed during the whole of the night, and part of next day, being totally unable to extricate himself. He was at last discovered in this helpless situation, with his thigh dislocated, and otherwise dreadfully bruised; but, by the humane attention of the proprietor of Piercefield, who instantly ordered him medical assistance, the poor man is in a fair way of recovery. We are sorry to add, that the inhuman assailants have not yet been discovered.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

A

FAVOURITE LEICESTERSHIRE HUNTING SONG.

To the Tune of Bellinamonara.

THIS morning at work, sowing out of my hopper,
Troth, who should come by, but *old Dick* the Earth Stopper;
Stop, hark ye, says he, I think there be hounds,
Odds bobs they are *Meynells*, I hear his God Zounds.
With my Bellinamonara,
The Hounds of *Quorendon* for me.

If we head him he'll damn us, we view, *Tally-ho*,
Whilst the hounds ring the scent from the valley below;
All carrying a head, Sir, like pigeons in flight,
And beating the *Red Coats* almost quite out of sight.
The Hounds, &c.

From the *Coplow* they come, and to *Wartnaby* go:
Then let us observe who rides over them now.
Then cease, my dear *Squire*; Oh cease your alarm,
For by Goch there's no rider can do them much harm.
The Hounds, &c.

Then first in the burst; see, yonder comes *Maynard*,
Taking all in his stroke, yet oblig'd is to strain hard;
And next him, on *Marquis*, there's dashing *Charles Windham*,
At a mortal great stride, leaving numbers behind him.
The Lads of *Quorendon*, &c.

Then funking his soul out, see *Featherstone* haugh,
Tho' thin as a thread, is yet light as a straw;
And screwing behind him, there's *Fitzherbert's* Dick,
His horse half done up, looking sharp for a nick.
The Lads, &c.

Next *Dick Knight* and *Smith Asheton* we spy in the van,
Riding hard as two furies, at catch that catch can;
Now *Egmont* says *Asheton*, now contract cries *Dick*,
By G— these d—d *Quonites* shall now see the trick.
No *Northamptonshire* Hunters for me.

Now, smack at a yawner, rides *Winchelsea's peer*,
So sure to be thrown upon *Pyramid's* ear;
And, at the same place, jumps *Smith of Loraine*,
He's off—no he's not—he hangs by the mane.
The Lads of *Quorendon* for me.

Where *Villiers* and *Forester*, *Cholmley*, and all,
Get shopp'd by *Loraine*, and in they all fall;
And sweaty *Morant*, that red-headed bitch,
With *Glyn*, *Peyton*, and *Foley*, are left in a ditch.
The Lads, &c.

Then, ecce Prince *Orleans*, who, *a la distance*,
Without his d—d head, which is freedom in France;

But

But, a'as! long before they can reach *Burrow* Hill,
Monsieur blows his 'orse to *von total stan still.*
The Lads, &c.

Now, lobbing along, comes jolly fat *Blower*,
Flanks and shoulders all blood, going slower and slower;
Sarvant your holiness! what, both a head and a shoe,
Thank God I'm not last, for I've beat *paulez vous.*
The Lads, &c.

Then half up the hill steps heavy *Debrew*,
His horse taking root, and his —— in a stew;
And farther beyond stops *Whitbread* the Brewer,
Who, lost from the first, has made the grand tour.
The Lads, &c.

Then smoke the old Quiz, beginning to flag,
Somerset, God zooks, on his new staring nag;
Why look you, observe, he a toe can scarce wag,
Yet of him, to-morrow, friend *Charley* will brag.
The Lads, &c.

Next vaulting *Tom Grah'm*, on horse taking whame,
Plunging and prancing like the George at an inn;
Comes spank thro' a hedge with a thundering crush,
And leaves half his brogue and a lug on a bush.
The Lads, &c.

Then next, with a star on, see *Bassador Gordon*,
And over his shoulder a fine flaming cord on;
And racing against him, behold *Master Stair*,
Why, the Devil himself never saw such a pair.
The Lads, &c.

Then, whence these three Goose-drivers all in a row,
Leading the tits on the furlongs below;
'Tis *Cranberry, George, St. Le Ledger*, from *Grantham*,
Who always get dos'd with their *quotum* and *quantum.*
The Lads, &c.

Then, far in the rear, we see *Saville* forlorn,
All legs, caps, and lappets, sobbing on *Roan*;
How they stick in the mud, whilst *Rutland's great Duke*,
With *Brommell*, is plunging in *Sysonby* Brook.
The Lads, &c.

Next a tickle-heel Sportsman, call'd *Heyrick* the black,
We descry in the vale, half a league from the pack;
And farther beyond, see *Heyrick* the white,
A sportsman, by system, who never rides straight.
The Lads, &c.

Then last in the cluster, see *Worcester* and *Muster*,
Now *Worcester* beats *Muster*, now *Muster* sets *Worcester*;
Now *Muster* seems burst, Sir, and *Worcester* gets first, Sir,
Such fumblers as these be, ought both to be curs'd, Sir.
The Lads, &c.

But *Bob Lee*, where's he, and wood-fisted *Cox?*
Why, they'll tell you they stop'd to halloo the run fox;
But so broad as the smite is, we guess they got flung there,
And are shopp'd in a barn, with friend *Arthur O'Plunger.*
The Lads, &c.

The Tune changes to the Duke of York's March.

Now cheering all nature, *Squire Meynell* we spy,
Making ev'ry heart thrill with his hark to the cry;
Look how he caps them on, and hark to his scream,
He makes the gay world glow in raptures extreme.

CHORUS.

See how they seem to spread,
Lord what a noble head,
Tally-ho! Tally-ho! the hounds in full cry;
See how the scent they drive,
No horse can with them live,
Hark away! hark away! they to *Wartnaby* go.

Next

Next thumbs up, heels down, see —— Jack,
So rosy, so active, pushing right cross the pack;
Cracking and whooping, ware poison, ware Nox,
Which drove *Meynell* stark mad, and lost us the fox.

CHORUS.

With his here they went,—there they bent,
Tho' Meynell said, there's no scent,
O d—n O d—n Jack, —— soul;
Here how his soul they cram,
Each man with a good d—n,
O d—n O d—n Jack, —— soul,
O d—n O d—n Jack, —— soul.

Then as we trudge home, we pass Master *Swaddle*,
Whipping *Pastime* before him, and carrying the saddle;
Good people, says he, do you think he will die?
Now I've bled him myself in his mouth and his thigh.

CHORUS.

With *Jack's* here they went, &c.

Now let's to this Alehouse, says *Dick*, for a while,
And drink our old *Maister*, in a *cup of the mild*;
And as we sit boosing it over the Fire,
Drink long life, health, riches, and sport to the *Squire*.

CHORUS.

With *Jack's* here they went, &c.

Epitaph on James Mineur, Esq. late Cook to the Marquis of Salisbury.

UNDER this stone, tho' no less sad than true,
Here lies the body of a *Cordon bleu**;
Full three-and-twenty years, *he rul'd the roast*,
And all who knew him, of his art could boast.
From French extraction we are told he came,
What can denote it better than his name?
But, true it is, he oftner did appear
Not as *Mineur*, but, Dutchman-like, *Mynheer*.
Brimful of heat, and suffering from the gout,
His *frame grew weak*, and so his *fire went out*.

NEW

PARODY OF SHAKESPEARE.

TO hunt, or not to hunt? that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler for the Squire to lavish
On steeds and grooms his overflowing fortune,
Or take up arms against his country's foes;
And, by opposing, rout them? To hunt—to ride—
No more—and by that exercise to feel
We end the head-ach, nervous peevish humours,
That Study's heir to: 'tis diversion
Most healthy to be used. To hunt—to ride—
To ride? perchance to fall—aye! there's the danger:
For, in the chace, what hair-breadth 'scapes may come,
When we have shuffl'd off these overalls,
And thrown from cover, never give us pause.
'Tis this that makes our leaps of so much triumph,
For who would crack the whip, and kill his time,
Tear up the wheat, break down the poor man's fence,
Despise the beaten road, the gate's delay,
The insolence of keepers, and the damage
That patient cottagers do daily suffer,
When he in Parliament himself might raise
With a bare motion? Who would bear fatigues,
Be gall'd, and sweat, or drench'd in floods and rain,
But that, the prize awarded at the death,
The fox's brush, which, from the huntsman's hand
With shout receiv'd, make resolute the will;
And bid us fly with rapture to the field,
Rather than dully pore upon a book?
Thus courage doth make Nimrod's of us all;
And thus the ruddy hue of constitution
Ne'er sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of thought,
From politics and other enterprize,
To rid the land of vermin, turns aside,
And ever is in action.

J. J. B.

* In France, a professed Cook is always called a *Cordon bleu*, from being the most distinguished.